THE

# French Beau:

A

# COMEDY,

ACTED by

His MAJESTY's Servants,

AT THE

New Theatre in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

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*LONDON,*

Printed for *William Brown*, Stationer, at the *Ink-Bottle* near St. *James's* (where you may be furnished with most new Plays, and all manner of Stationary Wares. And Sold by *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1699.

# PROLOGUE. *Spoken by a* BEAU.

*I've often wonder'd, Gentlemen and Ladies,*
*Why the nice* Beau *ſo deſpicable made is:*
*Why we ſhould ſtill be pelted on the Stage,*
*Among ſuch crying Sinners of the Age.*
*Your Poets ſure are very monſtrous Fellows,*
*For we've no wit, alaſs, to make them jealous.*
*And yet theſe Sots, their Ignorance to ſhow,*
*Still perſecute that harmleſs thing call'd* Beau.
*Our Cloaths ſtill furniſh their ill-natur'd Theme,*
*Nay, ſacred Periwigg the Fools blaſpheme.*
*Since they are ſo abounding in ill nature,*
*Methinks they better might beſtow their Satyr.*
*For (ſtop my Vitals if I mean to flatter)*
*The preſent Age affords them plentecus matter.*
*How often have your Phyſic-friends undone ye,*
*And fairly robb'd you of your Health and Money?*
*The Lawyers plague you in the noiſy Hall,*
*Yet ſeldom does the Muſe for Vengeance call:*
*And not to leave our Clergy in the lurch,*
*What think you, Gentlemen, of Mother-Church,*
*Her Sons with endleſs Quarrels fill your Ears,*
*They pick your Pockets, and they get you Heirs;*
*Yet ſeldom does the thing that mounts the Pulpit*
*Divert the crowded Galleries, and full Pit.*
*We harmleſs* Beaus *that ne're do Execution,*
*Still undergo an endleſs perſecution.*
*When all things miſs, 'tis we ſet off a Play,*
*Juſt as a May-pole recommends a* May.
*Youth, Beauty, Shape, Plume, Garniture and Cloaths,*
*Theſe glorious Compounds that make up the* Beaus,
*Are not ſo deſpicable ſure, that all*
*This Vengeance on their powderd Heads ſhould fall:*
*When thus at* Beaus *the ſnarling Poets bite,*
*Their Satyr's more their Envy than their ſpight.*
*For with theſe mixtures to that lovely frame,*
*The Thing you'd all be, though you hate the Name.*
*At leaſt the Female-writers ought to ſpare*
*The* Beau, *as being the Darling of the Fair.*
*This, I am ſure, our Poeteſs to be*
*That lovely Thing but in Effigie,*
*Would ſtrip off twenty Winters for that pleaſure,*
*And melt down twice as many Pounds ſhe has above* Beau-*meaſure.*

Perſons

# Persons Represented.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr. *Bowman*, | Count *Insulls*, | An Extravagant Beau pretending to *Ariana*. |
| Mr. *Betterton*, | *M. Bondi*, | A Senator of *Venice*. |
| Mr. *Arnold*, | *Gonsalvo*, | Another Senator. |
| Mr. *Hodgson*, | Count *Andrea*, | Gallant to *Bondi*'s Wife. |
| Mr. *Verbuggen*, | *Fidelio*, | A Noble *Venetian* decay'd in his Fortunes. |
| Mr. *Bowen*, | *Gervatio*, | Steward to *Bondi*. |
| | *Actwell*, *Heardouble* and *Strechwell*. | Two Informers. |

# WOMEN.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mrs. *Barry*, | *Olivia*, | *Bondi*'s Wife. |
| Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, | *Ariana*, | Her Daughter. |
| Mrs. *Lee*, | Lady *Temptyouth*, | |
| Mrs. *Prince*, | *Lucinda*, | |
| | *Silvia*, | *Oliva*'s Woman. |
| | *Beatrice*, | *Ariana*'s Woman. |
| | *Tiflewell*, | *Lucinda*'s Woman. |

*Scene* Tunbridge.

ACT

# ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Seignior* Melito Bondi, *led by a Boy.*

*Bondi.* LEad me to my Chair, then ſend *Gervatio* hither.

*Boy.* Yes, my Lord. (*Exit Boy.*

*Bond.* This Morning I've out-riſen the Sun, to ſcourge that Dog whoſe curſt Contrivance brought the Miſchiefs which deſtroy my Sleep: Oh! here he comes, the Coaſt is clear, and I'll ſecure it ſo.

*Enter* Gervatio.

*Gerv.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip; what does your Lordſhip mean?

*Bond.* What did you mean, Raſcal, to make me mad, horn mad, with this counterfeiting Blindneſs? but I can ſee your Plots, you Pander, and you ſhall feel my Rage. (*Canes him.*

*Gerv.* Thus faithful ſervice ever is rewarded; Will ye but hear me?

*Bond.* No, I've ſeen too much; you'll make me deaf next, I ſuppoſe, ſirrah, and then ſet the World upon abuſing me that way, Villain.

*Gerv.* Hold and hear what I can urge, or I'll raiſe all the Houſe, and lay the Impoſture open.

*Bond.* Well, I will hold, not out of any kindneſs, but that I'm out of breath.

*Gerv.* If I am not reveng'd on ye, ye old Don, I'll be hang'd. (*Aſide.*

*Bond.* Well, what have you to ſay, Sir?

*Gerv.* Look ye, my Lord, in the firſt place I'll go cloſe to the Door, and if your Lordſhip offers to move or ſtir your Cane, I'll fly out, and this minute proclaim in *Venice*, that ———

*Bond.* Hold, I am quiet.

*Gerv.* Then how have you the face to uſe me thus? Am I not privy to all your Extortions and Briberies? Have I not carried the tempting Sums that corrupted Knaves, and excuſed your ſelf from greater? Have you not ſworn a taxing power, tho' for the good of the Commonweal, was worſe than a luxurious Tyrant, who thought of nothing but his Pleaſures? Nay more, if the *Grand Seignior* would let you enjoy your Wealth, you had as live have him for your Head as his Holineſs.

*Bond.* Well, good *Gervatio*, thou doſt know my Failings, but 'tis the ill conſequence of this blindneſs puts me in all theſe paſſions.

*Gerv.* Does not your Conſcience (but I have forgot, you have none, elſe it would) fly in your Face, for abuſing me on that account? Did not you, when the old Preſident of *Dalmatia* died, come to me, Oh! dear *Gervatio*, I'm undone! my turn is next to that chargable Poſt, I ſhall laviſh all the Wealth my whole Life has been ſcraping together! Then you coaxed me, Thou art ingenious, think ſome way I may be miſt, and I'll make thy Fortunes.

*Bond.* Nay, this is true.

*Gerv.* Is it ſo? I almoſt loſt my Eyes in reality in poring over old muſty Statutes; there I found nothing but ſome natural Incapacity could exempt the rich Nobles in their turns: Accordingly I adviſ'd you to counterfeit Blindneſs; you did it, ſucceeded, *Martino Cornaro* is choſe in your place, and I am cudgel'd for my pains. (*Bowing.*

*Bond.* Ah *Gervatio*, thou haſt told the Sweets and Profits of the ſtory, but left the bitter ſting out. Whilſt the Duke and Senate believed my Blindneſs, and I eſcaped that hateful Office, my Wife and Daughter do ſo too at home, my Wife with ogling Eyes juſt at my Noſe, views her Gallant, and the young Gipſie lets that Bankrupt's Son, Count *Fidelio*, ſteal her Hand: This makes me mad, and wiſh I were blind indeed.

*Gerv.* For this I alſo provide a Remedy: You know by my care the Ladies are almoſt alwaies with you elſe; I watch 'em, let 'em look on, ſqueeze Hands, they'l ſcarce venture to make you a Cuckold or a Grandfather. Beſide, my Diligence goes farther; this day the Girdle of St. *Sylveſter* comes, your tutelar Saint, for you will have a Saint too, tho' to my knowledge all your Religion lies in filling your Bags. But, as I ſaid before, to day the wonderful Girdle comes, and will get credit, for I dare ſwear you ſee immediately after the operation.

*Bond.* Well, thou art a Wag; come, take care of my Wife and Daughter till I dare own I perceive 'em again, and I'll make amends for my Blows; faith *Gervatio* 'twas hard laſt night to ſee a Man kiſs my Wife half an hour together before my Face, and when I call'd, the Baggage would take off her Lips and cry, *How do'ſt my Dear?* Then my Daughter, you know, I deſign for my Lord *Inſuls*, Son to the rich French Merchant Monſieur *Opulant*, who by his Induſtry has purchas'd three *Jack Pudding* French Beaux Eſtates.

*Gerv.* For a Son that as like a *Jack Pudding* Beau will ſpend it, to my knowledge. (*Aſide.*) *One knocks.*

*Bond.* Here, here, to my Chair, quick, quick, open the Door.

*Enter Seignior* Gonſalvo.

*Gonſal.* A happy Morning to my Lord.

*Bond.* *Gonſalvo*'s Voice, I think; *Gervatio*, conduct me to ſalute him.

*Gonſ.* By no means, my Lord, your condition excuſes Ceremony, at all times needleſs; the Duke commends him to you, he with much pains has got a famous Oculiſt.

*Bond.* The Devil he has. (*Aſide.*

*Gerv.* Now I thank thee Fortune, thou haſt revenged me. (*Aſide.*

*Gonſ.* Unwilling to loſe the Advice of ſuch a Pillar of the State, has took true pains for an experienc'd Man.

*Bond.* I am much beholden to his Princely Care; but, my Lord, I look on this Affliction ſent from Heaven as a Judgment, and hope by Penitence to obtain from thence a Remedy: You muſt know, my Lord, I beyond meaſure coveted the Preſident of *Dalmatia*'s place, nothing but that would ſuffice my Ambition; nay, Heaven forgive me, I often wiſh'd his death.

*Gerv.* Oh, mercy upon me, was there ever ſuch a Diſſembler! (*Aſide.*

*Bond.* Now mark the end: Juſt as the old Preſident died this Darkneſs fell upon me;

me ; I have no Hopes in human Aid, but my own dear St. *Silveſter* methoughts, in a Dream, expreſs'd, his ſacred Girdle might do me good.

*Gonſ.* The Dream is not to be neglected, nor the Duke's Goodwill to regain the loſs of precious ſight, both may be try'd, i'th' Afternoon I'll wait upon you with the famous man, in the mean time I am your Lordſhip's ſervant.

(*Exit* Gonſalvo.

*Bond.* So *Gervatio*, what think you of your project now ? I ſhall have a pragmatical fellow poke my Eyes out indeed.

*Gerv.* Fear nothing, my Lord, I'll do well enough with him. If I don't fit you Seignior for your drubbing, you ſhall call me *John a Styles*. (*Aſide.*

*Bond. Gervatio*, lead me into the green Room, and ſee if my Wife and Daughter are up, ſend 'em to me.

*Gerv.* It ſhall be done, my Lord.

*Bond.* Oh this damn'd Oculiſt, *Gervatio !*

*Gerv.* Pho, pho, I'll banter him out of his ſenſes.

*Bond.* Give me thy Hand, leſt any of the Family ſhould ſee us. *Exeunt.*

*Scene draws,* Ariana *dreſſing, and* Beatrice.

*Aria.* Ha' done trifling, I'm well enough.

*Beatr.* You are indeed charmingly pretty, Madam.

*Aria.* How nauſeous 'tis, and yet how natural 'tis to have our Women flatter us. Well *Beatrice*, here's a wonderful alteration ſince my Father's Blindneſs, I can put on a new ſuit every day, and my Jewels, laid up only for the Feſtival of St. *Mark*, may be worn now without a chiding.

*Beatr.* Theſe are great privileges, Madam, yet 'tis a ſad thing to think how ſuddenly my Lord was ſtruck blind.

*Aria.* I ſwear ſo it is ; but then remember, *Beatrice*, how he forbad Count *Fidelio* to think on me, tho' his Father was of Birth noble as mine, deſpis'd that Droſs my Father makes his God, and left his Son only a liberal Education and innate Courage, which appears unknown to moſt of our *Venetians*.

*Beatr.* My Lord dares not deny him the Houſe, becauſe he is of the ancient Nobility, and he has been an hour walking in the Garden, waiting your coming down, and then, I ſuppoſe, gives my Lord the good morrow.

*Aria.* Well, 'tis a miſchievous Rogue, he has ſo many Tricks before my Father, yet can't I forbear joyning, nor ſcarce keep the Laugh in.

*Beatr.* Confeſs Madam, are you really ſorry at the Darkneſs has overtaken your Father ?

*Aria.* Why truly, *Beatrice*, I always ſay my Prayers for his Eyes reſtoration the laſt thing I do, that is, juſt when I am falling aſleep.

*Enter* Silvia.

*Silv.* Madam, my Lady ſent me to tell you, your Father expects you with her preſently.

*Aria.* I'll wait upon her, *Silvia*. (*Exit* Silvia.)

That Mother-in-law of mine is a hopeful young Gentlewoman too ; ſhe takes Opportunity by the Forelock, and makes all the haſte ſhe conveniently can to give my

old Dad Horns instead of Eyes: Am not I a wicked Jade to wink at this? Why, I don't know, if I should betray her, she'd serve me the same sauce; besides, my Father married the young Creature the perfect *Venetian* way, only for her Portion, never saw one-another beforehand: I can't but think what a fright she was in, to behold an old Man with a grizled Beard instead of a brisk young fellow. Well, I hope Heaven makes Allowances for such a case, and my Guilt won't be great for guessing at it.

*Beatr.* Your Ladiship considers what may befal your self another day, Madam.

*Aria.* God forbid Wench, I hope to marry my dear *Fidelio*, and that Woman that takes a Man for Love deserves to be disgrac'd here, and damn'd hereafter, if but her Inclinations waver, and she in Thought abuses him.

*Beatr.* Ay, but Madam, if your Father's choice, my Lord *Insuls* should be forc'd upon you.

*Aria.* Hang him, perfum'd Poltoon, I hate him worse than a Nunnery, where they wear Hair Smocks.

*Beatr.* He comes this Afternoon to make his second visit; my Lady *Temptyouth* says he's a fine Gentleman.

*Aria.* He is indeed fit for her use: Well, 'tis a strange thing a Lady of her quality should give her self the trouble, now she has pass'd the beaten Road of Wickedness her self, to draw others in. My Mother has a good Friend of her; I know my Father hates her, but his dear Interest prevails, she helps him to the purchase of many a Prodigal's Estate.

*Beatr.* Madam, you forget my Lady stays.

*Enter* Donna Olivia.

*Aria.* She's here.

*Oliv.* How does my pretty Daughter to day? But why do I ask? you look fresh and fair as the new-blown Rose.

*Aria.* When your Ladiship consults your Glass you'll find a brighter, Madam.

*Oliv.* Fie upon you for a little Flatterer, what your Mother!

*Aria.* 'Tis true, the Law calls you my Mother, but the World must be blind as my Father, if they did not take us for Sisters.

*Oliv.* Well, your Father's Blindness is a dreadful thing, *Ariana*; why, he'll never suffer us to be out of the Room.

*Aria.* There is no Conveniency but has its Inconveniency, Madam.

*Oliv.* That's true; come, we must to him. *Exeunt.*

*Scene draws, and discovers* Bondi *in a Chair.*

*Bond.* I have a fine melancholy Life on't, thank my Stars; but should I discover my self before this arch Rogue has brought matters about, I must be the laughing-stock of *Venice*, besides paying a swindging Fine for deceiving the Duke and Senate in putting off the Government. ——— Boy.

*Boy.* My Lord.

*Bond.* Are not the Women ready?

*Boy.* My Lord, they are entring.

*Enter* Olivia *and* Ariana.

*Arian.* Your Bleſſing, Sir.

*Bond.* Formality, I believe you mind your topping more than my Bleſſings, or Heavens either.

*Oliv.* How are your Eyes, my Lord?

*Bond.* Not clear enough to ſee into your Heart, my Lady.

*Oliv.* Still angry!

*Arian.* Truly I hope purging my Father's Choler does him good, elſe ſurely he would never practice it ſo often, but that he finds benefit by it.

*Bond.* Baggage!

*Arian.* Nay, I am out of the reach of your Cane, Sir; come, I would fain ſay ſomething to divert ye, the Spleen is very hurtful to your Eyes.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, my Lady *Temptyouth* is coming up.

*Bond.* That everlaſting Tattler, I would retire and ſhun the noiſe, only my being here perhaps may in part hinder your luſcious Imagination from being tickled with all the Intrigues of the City.

*Enter Lady* Temptyouth.

*La. Tem.* Good morrow, my Lord; good morrow my ſweet Buds of Beauty.

*Bond.* Pray, my Lady *Temptyouth*, don't put my Wife in amongſt your Buds of Beauty; if ſhe is not five and twenty, ſhe ought to appear like fifty, that's fitteſt for her, and would pleaſe me beſt.

*La. Tem.* Lord, you're ſo captious: Well, I ſwear your Wife looks very handſom, 'tis for your ſake ſhe dreſſes, 'tis to look amiable in your Eyes.

*Bond.* Ay, now you've hit it.

*La. Tem.* Pox on him, I had forgot his blindneſs. (*Aſide*)
I mean, ſhe us'd to do; now, poor Lady, ſhe's like any Slattern. Here's my little *Ariana* appears as ſhe had not look'd in a Glaſs to day.

*Aria.* Bare two hours I aſſure you, Madam.

*Bond.* Well ſaid Pride, I have a good mind to have all the Glaſſes in the Houſe broke; no, ſold I meant. (*Pauſing.*

*Aria.* My Lord, my Actions never diſobey you, pray allow me a little freedom in ſpeech.

*Bond.* She that's ſo free of her Tongue, commonly is as free ——

*La. Tem.* Oh hold, my Lord, an immodeſt word, nay, any hint, tho' never ſo darkly, tending that way, drives me out of the Room.

*Bond.* Your Ladiſhip has then a quick apprehenſion.

*La. Tem.* Yes, I vow, my Lord, at a *Play*, when no Woman of Quality elſe has found out a beaſtly wrapt-up thing, I han't ſhow'd my Face in a quarter of an hour.

*Bond.* Oh wondrous modeſty!

*La. Tem.* My Lord, Count *Dreſſwell* has a Bank Note of Five hundred pound, he can't ſtay till the Bank pays, and would part with it for two hundred and fifty ready Mony; will your Lordſhip meddle with it?

*Bond.* Let him ſend it to *Gervatio*, and he ſhall have his Mony.

*La. Tem.* I am always ſtudying for your good; Lord, your Lady ſtands like any Statue, I beg your pardon, I muſt rouſe her: My Dear, Count *Andrea* dies for you;

I ſwear

I ſwear he was in ſuch a condition, I could not forbear bringing this Letter from him. But may your Daughter be truſted? (*Takes her a one ſide.*

*Oliv.* With my Life, or what's dearer, my Honour.

*La. Tem.* Well, I ſwear he talks ſo paſſionately of ye, ſays ſuch warm extravagant things, he ſets my old Blood a glowing like dying Coals blow'd by a ſtrong pair of Bellows.

*Bond.* What's this long whiſper, my Lady?

*La. Tem.* Only a Receipt for your Eyes, my Lord.

*Bond.* Then why may not I hear it?

*La. Tem.* There's ſomething ſo nauſeous 'twill ſet you againſt uſing it. Read your Letter, Child.

*Bond.* What paper is't that ruſſels?

*La. Tem.* Why, the Receipt, Simpleton: This man is ſo miſtruſtful. Well, but Child, I can't let this precious Receipt go out of my Hands for a thouſand Worlds.

*Oliv.* I beg your pardon, Madam, then I'll copy it; nothing ſhall be neglected by me that will help my Lord. A Pen and Ink there.

*Bond.* A Letter from her Gallant, and ſhe's a going to anſwer it; Hell and Furie! I can't bear it, nor can have remedy. (*Aſide ſtorming.*

*La. Tem.* Heavens! what's the matter?

*Bond.* My Eyes ſmart intolerably.

*La. Tem.* Fretting, fretting; Lord, you muſt be patient. Madam, I beg you'd be as quick as you can, for I'm in haſte.

*Oliv.* Your Ladiſhip ſees I'm about it.

*Bond.* Ah the Devil, and I ſee it too, and be hang'd to ye. (*Aſide.*
When you have done, *Gervatio* ſhall read it to me.

*Oliv.* *Gervatio* is my mortal Enemy, what ſhall I do now, Madam? (*Aſide.*

*La. Tem.* Pho, pho, write a ſcrip of paper good for the ſight, put in *Eyebright*, *White-Roſe-water*, and whatever comes in your Head.

*Bond.* Here's mighty Conſultation about this damn'd Receipt.

*La. Tem.* I tell you, my Lord, if you fret thus you'l never ſee again.

*Bond.* No matter, wou'd I could ſee what I wiſh.

*La. Tem.* What's that?

*Bond.* The conflagration fall upon the Women firſt, and leave the Men by themſelves an Age longer.

*La. Tem.* Then they would be the naſtieſt, moſt helpleſs Creatures; ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Count *Fidelio* to wait upon your Honour.

*Bond.* Count *Fiddleſtick*; Why did you not ſay I was buſie?

*La. Tem.* Well, I vow, my Lord, if you are thus froppiſh, all your Friends will forſake ye, a dark Room will be fitteſt for you.

*Bond.* Friendſhip, there's no ſuch thing, Nature laid the Groundwork of Enmity in every Mortal; indeed in ſome 'tis ſpiced over with Diſſimulation; I hate this man, and yet muſt ſpeak him fair.

*La. Tem.* Why do ye hate him?

*Bond.* That's a Secret.

*Aria.*

*Aria.* Which I can gueſs at. (*Aſide.*

*Enter* Fidelio.

Now my turn's a coming.

*Fid.* Your Lordſhip's humble Servant; how does your Lordſhip to day?

*Bond.* Well in health, my Mind is like my Sight, oppreſſed.

*Fid.* I am ſorry for it.

*Oliv.* Madam, there's your Receipt with Thanks.

*La. Tem.* I wiſh it may do him good.

*Bond.* Yes, yes, I ſhall feel good on't, methinks my Horns are ſprouting already. (*Aſide.*

*Aria.* Madam, can't you engage my Father in a little Diſcourſe, whilſt I talk with —— (*Aſide to Lady* Temptyouth.

*La. Tem.* That young handſom fellow, thou art a Rogue; I'll do't, I warrant ye. Well, you ſay you'l have the Bank Bill, my Lord.

*Bond.* I told you ſo once already.

*La. Tem.* Lord, you are ſo ſhort one can't ſpeak to ye, tho 'tis for your own good: I believe Count *Dreſſwel*'s Eſtate too, you may make a good hole in't if you will. *All this while Count Fid. courts, kneels, and talks to Ariana.*

*Bond.* His *Villa* is very pretty, upon that he may have what Mony he pleaſes. Damnation! (Bondi *ſees 'em.*

*La. Tem.* What's the matter with the man? I ſwear you made me ſtart, why you turn your Head about as if your Eyes were of uſe.

*Bond.* I ſhall be diſcover'd ſtrait, was ever puniſhment like mine? (*Aſide.*

*Oliv.* You are very uneaſie, my Lord, can I do any thing for you?

*Bond.* Yes, make me worſe, I ſeldom ever knew a Wife bring Quiet or Content to her Husband.

*Oliv.* This is my uſage ever.

*La. Tem.* I wonder you are not aſham'd, for a ſurly Devil; ſee, piſh, you can't ſee how the poor Lady weeps.

*Oliv.* Ay, he is blind, and I believe he deſigns to make me cry my Eyes out to be like him.

*Bond.* Oh the Devil! at this very minute ſhe can ſcarce hold laughing. (*Aſide*) You are very merry Daughter. Ariana *claps her Fan on* Fidelio's *Shoulder.*

*Aria.* I only drop'd my Fan, Sir.

*Bond.* My Lord *Fidelio*, how went the Votes in the Senate yeſterday concerning the new Levies?

*La. Tem. Fidelio!* why he is gone, my Lord, he only gave you the good morrow, and paſſed through the Room.

*Aria.* That's well enough, I'll ſwear-

*Bond.* This is abominable, but I muſt endure it.

*Aria.* Thou art a dear Angel; but, my Lady, cou'd not you contrive to get my Father away? this Gentleman hath earneſt buſineſs with me. (*Aſide to L.* Tempt.

*La. Tem.* Well, well, I'll try at that too; but which way? Gad, I've got a Bottle of Orange-water in my Pocket, I'il make the old fool believe 'tis ſomething good for the Eyes, 'twill do him no hurt, only make 'em ſmart a little, that perhaps will induce him to lye down. (*Aſide.*

My-

My Lord, can you forgive me when I own I am the greateſt Beaſt in the World ?

*Bond.* I always thought you ſo. (*Aſide*) What's the matter, Madam ?

*La. Tem.* Here's a Bottle of precious Water, given me by the Dutcheſs, to be applied at all times, and I quite forgot it, I ſwear ; I have ſuch a reſpect for you, that at every place I am picking up ſomething.

*Bond.* Yes, Gallants for my Wife. (*Aſide*)
Madam, I'll have none of your old Womens Medicines.

*La. Tem.* By your leave, my Lord, but you ſhall, I know the goodneſs on't.

*Bond.* I tell you I will not.

*Oliv.* Pray, my Lord, be rul'd.

*Bond.* True Wife, tho' ſhe cares not if I was deaf as well as blind, yet be ſure to be for any thing I am againſt.

*La. Tem.* Come, come, don't tell me, I ſwear you ſhall wash your Eyes with it.

*Bond.* I ſwear I won't.

*La. Tem.* By Heavens you ſhall, now I've ſworn again, I'le ſee who'll be maſter.

*Bond.* A Pox take ye ; Oh the confounded pain ! Boy, here lead me to my Couch ; I muſt e'en ſend *Gervatio* to watch 'em, that Woman will be the death of me. (*Aſide*) *Exit lead.*

*He ſtruggles in the Chair, and ſhe flings the Bottle of Water in his Face.*

*La. Tem.* Ha, ha, ha. So Ladies, what do ye think of me now ?

*Oliv.* Oh, you are the beſt of Women.

*Aria.* Heavens ! yonder's *Gervatio* a coming, he is our mortal Foe, my Father has ſent him, he had as good have ſtaid himſelf.

*La. Tem.* Let me alone, I'll ſend him away, I'll lay a Wager.

*Aria. Fidelio*, ſtep behind the Skreen, whilſt my Lady trys her Power, he'l tell my Father you are with us.

*Fid.* I will, Madam ; dear Lady *Temptyouth*, if thou canſt effect this, I'll have thy Statue made in Braſs.

*La. Tem.* Brazen-face ! could you think of no other Metal ? go, be gone.

*Enter* Gervatio.

Your Servant, good Don *Gervatio*, you are come luckily to receive my Inſtructions, you muſt immediately carry to my Lord *Dreſſwell* Two hundred and fifty pounds, and take his Bank Note for Five hundred.

*Gerv.* Your pardon, Madam, my Lord ſent me to ſtay here.

*La Tem.* And your pardon too, Sir ; I am ſure your Lord would not loſe ſuch a Bargain ; and he muſt have the Mony preſently, or he'l ſell it to ſome-body elſe.

*Oliv.* Indeed I heard your Maſter ſay he would have it.

*Gerv.* He's a Prodigal, and may give me ſomething out on't : here's no Men, what ſhould I ſtay for ? (*Aſide.*) Well, I'll carry it preſently.

*La. Tem.* Preſently, nay, you muſt go now, this very Inſtant, now.
(*Thruſting him out.*

*Gerv.* What, does your Ladiſhip intend to raviſh me ?

*La. Tem.* When I thruſt thee from me, Fool. Come, good *Gervatio*, make haſte, becauſe I undertook my Lord's buſineſs, and I love to go through ſtitch with any thing I meddle with : Be ſpeedy, come, I may do ye a Kindneſs another day.

*Gerv.* I muſt be gone, there's no diſputing with her. *Exit* Gerv.

*La. Tem.*

*La. Tem.* Appear abſconding Knight, appear.

*Fid.* Be gad, my Lady *Temptyouth*, you have charm'd me ſo, you ſhall have a Kiſs with as much Ardour as if you were but ſixteen.

*La. Tem.* O ſweet young Gentleman, Heavens bleſs him! You are happy, Madam: Come, I muſt do more for you yet, Time's precious; my Lady *Olivia Bondi*, let you and I go into the Garden, and conſult about that Receipt.

*Oliv.* You'l find what I have done in it is to your ſatisfaction. Daughter, your Servant, I'll keep your Father from ſending for you as long as I can.

*Aria.* Madam, I am yours and my Lady *Temptyouth*'s moſt humble.

*Fid.* I am her Slave.

*La. Tem.* Well, you are a couple of dear Kittens, bleſs you both.

(*Exit with* Olivia.

*Aria.* My Lord, you have talk'd of Flames and Fires, and Darts, and the Devil and all, but how ſhall I be convinc'd 'tis not the Hundred thouſand pound I am like to be worth kindles theſe Fires and Paſſions?

*Fid.* Why faith, Madam, this way; let's marry without your Father's Conſent, and he'l turn us out of doors, then I'll beg for ye, fight for ye, ſtarve for ye, dye for ye.

*Aria.* Thou art an honeſt Lad, but I don't like ſtarving, 'twill be apt to take away all your Appetites, and you won't care for me.

*Fid.* Oh no, my Love to thee is implanted in my Soul, and were my youthful Arms reduced to very Bones with the worn Skeleton, I ſhould hug thee to my Heart, as my chiefeſt Bleſſing and divineſt Treaſure.

*Aria.* 'Tis pretty to hear a young fellow one loves talk thus, but this wont do, Love and Plenty crown the circling Year with Pleaſure, but where either's wanting, Content ſcarce ever appears. Is it impoſſible to get *Gervatio* to our party? He is cunning, and can rule my Father.

*Fid.* I'll try; but, Oh! ———

*Aria.* You want a Bribe; come, be not aſham'd of your poverty, ſince your noble Father waſted his Fortunes in being always in Arms for the defence of his Country againſt our common Enemy the *Turks*, the ungrateful Senate ought to have took you to their care; but ſince neglected, accept of this without a bluſh.

(*Gives a Purſe.*

*Fid.* Bound by innumerable Charms, by Obligations unaccountable, when I ceaſe to love thee, may Heaven and all my Peace of Mind forſake me.

*Aria.* Try *Gervatio*, tell him that I'll for ever be his Friend.

*Fid.* Madam, I will with joy, and urge whatever eager love can to my Soul ſuggeſt.

*Enter* Beatrice.

*Beatr.* Madam, my Maſter raves for you like one mad.

*Aria.* Then I muſt go.

*Fid.* My Lord *Inſulls*, that Rival; but why name I him? I know your noble Soul deſpiſes him.

*Aria.* Reſt in that ſecure, I loath the man, my Father's power ſhall force my Death ſooner than Conſent: farewell.

*Fid.* 'Tis Death to part, tho' but for a moment; Is there a time, is there that white day in Fate when I ſhall call thee Wife? let others ſcoff, think the Matrimonial Bonds uneaſie, term it

A Hell, a Pit, an endleſs painful Snare,
The Heaven I covet is to wed my Fair.

*Exeunt ſeverally.*

*The End of the Firſt Act.*

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## ACT II. *Scene changes.*

*Enter* Olivia *and Lady* Temptyouth.

*Oliv.* WEll, your Importunity and the Count's has prevail'd, I'll vow I bluſh to think on't, through a back-door into the Garden, the hour that my Husband ſleeps, a young Gentleman; faith, Madam, 'tis very ſcandalous.

*La. Tem.* Fiddle faddle, ſcandalous! if you have the Pleaſure, much good may do the World with the Scandal.

*Oliv.* You'll ſtay with me, Madam.

*La. Tem.* Yes, yes, Madam; I left my poor Girl at home not well on purpoſe to come.

*Oliv.* What kin is that young Lady to you, Madam?

*La. Tem.* Her Mother was my Friend, to tell ye the truth, ſhe is a Baſtard, I have bred up ſeveral, and help'd 'em all to good Husbands, or Gallants, which is better.

*Oliv.* A charitable Lady you are. Hark! I hear a noiſe, 'tis he, I ſwear I ſhall bluſh to death.

*La. Tem.* I never heard of any-body dy'd of that Diſeaſe; here's the man, look what a well-built perſon 'tis.

*Enter Count* Andrea.

*And.* Ladies, your Servant.

*Oliv.* Did you come in unobſerv'd, my Lord?

*And.* Yes, Madam; but I've had a little misfortune, I've broke the Key in the Door, and know not how I ſhall get out again.

*La. Tem.* Here's a Fool now is taking care to get out before he is well in, mind your buſineſs, I'll get ye out, I warrant ye.

*And.* Pardon me, Madam, 'tis my dear *Olivia*'s Honour I am careful of; for my ſelf, I'd wade ten thouſand Dangers only to touch this beautious Hand.

*La. Tem.* Why that's well ſaid, kiſs it now, or elſe you do nothing.

*And.* A thouſand and a thouſand times.

*La. Tem.* Well, I'll in, and watch the old man's motions.

*Oliv.*

*Oliv.* You won't leave me, Madam.

*La. Tem.* Indeed but I will, I cannot ſtay a moment longer.

*Exit Lady* Temptyouth.

*And.* Shall we waſte the time in talk, *Olivia?* Need I tell thee how much I love thee? Waſt thou not torn from my longing Arms by an inhuman Father, and given to the wither'd ones of richer *Bondi?* Yet tho' I am denied whole Draughts of Love, I'll ſnatch the precious Cordial when the bleſt minute gives it, and devour it eagerly. *(Embracing her.*

*Oliv.* Away, my Lord, think whoſe I am, think of my ſacred Vow, I dare not break it.

*And.* Your Vows firſt were made to me, no matter whoſe you are, this hour is mine, and ſhall be ſpent in richeſt Love, Love that has ſo well reveng'd my Cauſe, and as your cruel Lord ſnatch'd her from theſe fond Eyes, ſo Fate has now depriv'd him of his own, he only cannot view your unequal Charms, which dart on every wiſhing gazer Joy.

*Oliv.* If Judgments do hang upon my wretched Lord, ſhall I by Falſhood wound deeper than his Fate?

*And.* Who e'er crys out of pain they neither feel nor apprehend? Think *Olivia*, my *Olivia*, for I will pleaſe my ſelf, and call thee mine; think the vaſt Charity, the mighty Kindneſs, that ſaves my Life, and hurts not *Bondi.*

*Oliv.* The Man is mad, to bid a Woman think; no, talking Deluder, when we think we never yield. Now I have thought on the fatal conſequence, and reſolved from this minute to grow wiſe; that I have took the opportunity of my Husband's blindneſs, and ſeen you often, was due to your injurious Wrongs; for witneſs thoſe Stars that ſmiled not on our plighted Faiths, I ever found you conſtant, and I lov'd you for it.

*And.* Oh ſweet Confeſſion! and if you love me, will you not bleſs me too? the *Argus* Eyes of Jealouſie are uſeleſs, the watchful Dragon that ſhould guard the golden Fruit now ſleeps for ever.

*Oliv.* But Angel, Honour is ſtill awake, that ſecures my beating Heart, yet I will fly the charming ſounds that are familiar there, but do not follow me, I charge ye, do not, leſt ye meet the everlaſting Anger of my Eyes. *Exit.*

*And.* Not follow thee, when my Veins are all on fire! yes

Thro' every Path of this delightful Grove,
Till my warm Sighs her Honour ſhall remove,
And fill her panting Breaſt with yielding Love. } *Exit.*

*Scene changes to the inſide of the Houſe.*

*Enter* Gervatio, *a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* Seignior *Gonſalvo* ſends word, the Oculiſt is ſick, and cannot come till to morrow.

*Gerv.* Hum, ——— then my Revenge is loſt, for the Girdle comes before that

time. Did not I see *Actwell* cross the Court just now into the Kitchin?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Gerv.* Call him to me. *Exit Serv.*

That fellow that plays tricks for his Victuals, perhaps, for a Pistole, may do my business; my Lord knows him not.

*Enter* Actwell *and Servant.*

Leave us. (*To the Servant*) *Exit Servant.*

*Actw.* What's to be done now? What am I sent for to Master Steward? [*Aside.*

*Gerv.* *Actwell*, my Lord, was to have a famous Oculist come to day, and he just sent word, he cannot; 'twill put my Lord so damnably out of humour, there will be no enduring it; cannot you pretend to be the Oculist, get a Launcet, look into his Eyes, talk Nonsense, make him believe you'll do Wonders, but when it comes to the upshot, I'll enter, and prevent your touching him? You must say you came from the Duke and *Gonsalvo*; I'll give thee a Pistole.

*Actw.* I thank you, Sir, I am daily obliged here, I believe I could do it well enough, only I don't understand those damn'd cramp words those Quacks have.

*Gerv.* O say any thing; half an hour hence come to the Wardrobe, I'll give you an old-fashion'd Cloak, that you may look like an experienc'd man full of Years.

*Actw.* I will, Sir; the Film, the Tenders, the Devil, I'll look into a Book of Anatomy, and get some terms from thence; I will be sure to wait upon you, Sir. This was happy for poor *Actwell.* *Exit.*

*Gerv.* To fright him, is that all for such an intolerable caring? Gad, if the Devil was not wanting in a Temptation, I could do him a greater Mischief.

*Enter* Fidelio.

*Fid.* Your Servant, Don *Gervatio.*

*Gerv.* Sir, my Lord's asleep.

*Fid.* 'Tis you, not your Lord; I am come to —— but e're I tell my Suit, receive this Purse, a young Lady's present. (*Gives the Purse.*

*Gerv.* You banter me.

*Fid.* Indeed I don't *Gervatio*, you can see, tho' *Melito Bondi*'s blind and might have seen, I live but for *Ariana*'s sake, the kind Maid meets my Flames, and generously returns 'em; my wretched Fortune hinders me from following the way my Love proposes, taking her my only Blessing from her Father; 'tis in your power, *Gervatio*, to assist us in making up, if but a moderate fortune, you can perswade, decoy, do any thing with the old man,

*Gerv.* The Temptation I wish'd for is come. (*Aside*)

My Lord, your Offers are made in a happy time, for I was just designing to wait on the young Lady, and proffer her my Service.

*Fid.* Are you real?

*Gerv.* By all that's good I am, my Master has beat me into a right understanding.

*Fid.*

*Fid.* What ſhall we do with this Lord *Inſuls*, *Gervatio*?

*Gerv.* Why, as he's made of Cork, we'l ſet him a floating, and return him to the reſt of the mercurial Gentlemen in his own Country. Well, my Lord, leave your Affairs to me, and if I don't bring *Ariana* to your Arms, and more Bags than three Men can carry, my Ears ſhall be at your mercy.

*Fid.* Well, thou art a dear Rogue, and ſhall command my Fortunes.

*Gerv.* My Maſter rings; truſt to me, and be happy.

*Fid.* Your Servant.

*Gerv.* Yours. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

*Scene draws, and diſcovers* Bondi *a rouſing from a Couch, a Boy with him.*

*Bond.* Where's my Wife and Daughter?

*Enter Lady* Temptyouth *and* Ariana.

*La. Tem.* Here, here, my Lord. Well, I believe your Wife is the beſt of Women, we three have been all at work in the outer Room, and I'll ſwear poor *Olivia* look'd in upon you twenty times, ſhe is ſo fond, for all you are a naughty man, and uſe her ſo barbarouſly.

*Aria.* Well ſaid *Telltruth.* (*Aſide.*

*Bond.* Here's a Tale of a Tub indeed, where is ſhe now?

*La. Tem.* I fancy gone to take a turn in the Garden.

*Bond.* Boy, go call her.

*La. Tem.* What's the Boy a Fool? 'Tis not convenient for him to go, he ſhan't go.

*Bond.* Heyday! my Lady *Temptyouth*, are you to order every thing in my Houſe?

*La. Tem.* I will order things when Decency requires; look, to end Diſputes, here the good Lady comes.

*Enter* Olivia.

*Oliv.* I heard the Bell had rung, and haſten'd to my Dear.

*Bond.* My Devil.

*Oliv.* Such Anſwess would make a Woman mad.

*La. Tem.* You have got a pure colour, *Olivia.* (*Aſide to* Olivia.

*Oliv.* Pho, walking apace.
But, my Lady, how ſhall I get him out, there's no opening that Door, and the other way lies through this Room?

*La. Tem.* Why, what's he afraid on, isn't my Lord blind, where is the Fool?

*Oliv.* Speak ſoftly, walking at the Door.

*La. Tem.* Let me come by; Who have we here? my French Taylor has follow'd me hither about the Girl's Stays; Oh the Impudence of theſe Country-men! Monſieur, go to my Houſe agen, I'll come home preſently.

Coun-

*Count* Andrea *passes over the Stage, and kisses* Olivia's *Hand.*

*Andr.* Pardon a moy, Madam.

*La. Tem.* Pardon a moy kether, rude Brute! I'm sure I am not like most Quality, I owe him nothing.

*Bond.* Count *Andrea*, my Wife's first Love! Oh, the Garden, the Devil! curst, curst *Gervatio.*

*La. Tem.* What mean these starts of Passion? do you want *Gervatio?*

*Bond.* I want a Halter.

*La. Tem.* Wou'd you had one then, you're cross enough to deserve it.

*Bond.* Some-body, I'm sure, does.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord *Insuls* is just arriv'd.

*Bond.* Let me desire all this Company, except my Daughter, to retire, I've made up the business with my Lord's Father, there wants nothing but a Visit or two, which formality requires: Come, Mrs. *Crooked-rib*, will you walk into the next Room?

*Oliv.* I'm ready to wait on you.

*Aria.* Oh, my Lady *Temptyouth*, now my Plague's a coming. (*Aside.*

*La. Tem.* Have Patience, Child, and I'll send *Fidelio* to thy aid.

*Bond.* D'ye hear, Mistress, receive this Lord as the man I have unalterably resolv'd shall be your Husband.

*Aria.* Yes, Sir.

*Bond.* Yes, Sir; what a tone's that in! I think you're but too well, an Estate, a Title, and an handsom fellow.

*Aria.* Pray add an empty Pate.

*Bond.* Goodlack, Mrs. *Flippant*, any other Woman would have leapt at him; upon my Blessing use him as he deserves. Come, my Lady *Temptyouth.*

*Exeunt all but* Ariana.

*Aria.* As he deserves, that is to be cudgel'd. Now I had rather have the Visits of fifty Gossips from a drunken Christening, than the Plague of this Prince of Fops: Hang it, I'll bridle my Inclination, let him run on with his Vanity, then burst my Sides with laughing at him.

*Enter my Lord* Insuls, *with several Attendants.*

*Ins.* This is prodigiously opportune, by the Muses, to find your Ladiship alone, *Powderwell*, adjust my Garnature, I beg your Ladiships Pardon, that I do any thing of this kind before your Ladiship; but there was an uncivil Wind, as I passed the great Court, has blown me into the very disabilee of the vile Mob.

*Aria.* I can't perceive an Error in your Lordships Dress.

*Ins.* Your Ladiships very humble Servant, by the Muses, I am all in confusion; I beg your Ladiships Pardon (*takes out his Pocket-glass.*)
For this freedom before you, but 'tis that I would not appear negligent in your Ladiships presence.

*Aria.*

*Aria.* What a nauſeous Fool 'tis. (*Aſide*)
My Lord, methinks you're very well.

*Inſ.* 'Tis your goodneſs, Madam, poiſon me if I don't look like a Carr-man; I look moſt abominably, by the Muſes: Was your Ladiſhip never in *France*, Madam?

*Aria.* No, my Lord.

*Inſ.* There a Man will keep his Chamber three days, if his Complexion is out of order; they are not arriv'd to that nicety of Perfection here.

*Aria.* 'Tis pitty your Lordſhip does not inſtruct our young Nobility.

*Inſ.* I am not ſparing of my Advice, Madam; ſome I find very tractable, there's my Lord *Dreſſwell* has conſulted my Judgment in laying out above a brace of thouſand pounds in Clothes, I believe the World, eſpecially the Ladies, will own 'tis to his advantage.

*Aria.* Yes, and a good help towards ſpending his Eſtate, which, I'm inform'd, will be gone before he's five and twenty. (*Aſide.*)
None doubts your Lordſhips skill in thoſe Affairs.

*Inſ.* But of all the moving lumps of Earth, commend me to the Engliſh, thoſe awkward Imitators, by the Muſes, Madam, there's ſcarce one in ten underſtands the Dreſs, the Dancing, the Singing, thoſe chief parts of a Man of Quality; the Duce take me if I was not afraid they had infected me, and when I return'd into *France*, liv'd a whole month retir'd, had all my Maſters, practis'd every Coupee before I durſt appear among the Ladies; yet, by the Muſes, I know not how long I ſhunn'd my ſelf; methought I had the Brutal Plague upon me. I beg your Ladiſhips Pardon for troubling you with a deſcription of the dull Northern fellows.

*Aria.* Every thing your Lordſhip ſays is agreeable, I obſerve very pretty Aſſeveration you have, by the Muſes.

*Inſ.* Does your Ladiſhip like it? Indeed I think it ſounds better in the mouth of a Man of Quality than *Damn me*, *Rot me*, and ſuch Porter-like Expreſſions.

*Aria.* Oh, better much, my Lord; I have a ſhrewd ſuſpicion you that mention the Muſes ſo often have a familiar acquaintance with 'em, and write.

*Inſ.* I write like a man of Quality, to pleaſe my ſelf.

*Aria.* I dare ſwear 'twill ne'er pleaſe any-body elſe. (*Aſide*)
Wou'd not your Lordſhip oblige me with the ſight of ſome entertaining Poetry?

*Inſ.* By no means, I beg your Ladiſhip's Pardon, 'twill ſpoil Converſation, I can ſend your Ladiſhip ſeveral gilt Quires ſcribbl'd over, if your Ladiſhip's a lover on't; moſt of what I write is Satyr upon ill dreſt fellows, and then, by the Muſes, the nauſeous Subject makes me ſo ſick, I cannot forbear being ſpiteful too, and criticiſe upon what others write.

*Aria.* That's the fault of all great Wits, methinks their good Nature ſhould balance their Judgment.

*Inſ.* Good Nature, Madam, why that's only the civiler word for a Fool: If your Ladiſhip did but ſee in *France* how the poor Poets at a new Play ſneak, and wou'd

creep

creep into an Augur-hole; when I come in, by the Muſes, I have often wiſh'd my my ſelf a Woman, that I might have gone in a Mask, and not frighten the little Dogs (that write for Bread) out of their Wits.

*Aria.* Does your Lordſhip never write Plays?

*Inſ.* Yes, often, but I could never get either of the Houſes to play one.

*Aria.* What's the reaſon of that?

*Inſ.* Can't your Ladiſhip gueſs?

*Aria.* No, I proteſt.

*Inſ.* It will ſavour too much of Vanity to tell you.

*Aria.* Pray, my Lord, you have ſet me a longing.

*Inſ.* I muſt run the riſque of every thing, rather than deny a Lady: Then truly, Madam, I believe they think, and that wiſely, ſhould they once play a Play of mine no other would ever be receiv'd afterwards, and, you know, a man of Quality can't be their Drudge.

*Aria.* Very true, that is a ſubſtantial Reaſon.

*Inſ.* But, Madam, I know not how you have betray'd me into theſe things, when I deſign'd to have imploy'd my minutes much more agreeably, in telling your Ladiſhip, I adore you to an infinite degree.

*Aria.* His Courtſhip will be worſe than all the reſt of his Nonſence, Heaven ſend me a deliverance. (*Aſide*)
My Lord, a perſon of your merit cannot value one ſo unpoliſh'd, Nature has neglected me, and I have neglected Art.

*Inſ.* Oh fie, Madam, this is Blaſphemy, they are both Rivals in your Perfections. But were it what you ſay, which I poſitively deny, by the Muſes, when I have the Honour to call you mine, I ſay, if you did want Inſtructions, the rectitude of your Dreſs ſhould be my care.

*Aria.* Rude Fool, I have no patience. (*Aſide.*

*Inſ.* Madam, you ſeem uneaſie.

*Aria.* It's want of Breeding then.

*Inſ.* Gad, I believe ſo too, for I never ſaw a Woman in my company ſo before. Madam, you'l break your Fann. (*Aſide.*

*Aria.* No matter, 'tis paid for.
I can act the diſſembling part no longer. (*aſide.*

*Inſ.* She's ſtrangely alter'd, jealous ſhe can't keep me to her ſelf, her Fancy's at work; there's nothing out of order in my Wig ſure.

(*Pulls out his Glaſs.*

*Enter* Fidelio.

*Aria.* Oh *Fidelio*, do ſomething, do any thing to that Animal, and let me be gone, for I am teaſed to death. *Exit* Ariana.

*Fid.* Gad, I know not what to do but affront him; flatter him I can't, 'tis not in my Nature.

*Inſ.* Every Hair, I proteſt, is in as perfect Symmetry as my Features, as I was ſaying, Madam.

*Fid.* As I was going to ſay, Sir.

*Inſ.* Sir,

*Inf.* Sir! hey, what rude Brute have we here? (*Aside.*
Friend, wou'd you ſpeak with my Gentleman, or the Groom of my Chambers? there they ſtand both.

*Fid.* There let 'em be damn'd both; no, 'tis you, Eſſence and no Brains, I ſpeak to; Shadow of a Man, vainer than Woman, emptier than the Plumes thou wear'ſt. Thou thing, doſt thou pretend to court that Lady which went out juſt now?

*Inf.* If the Lady went away, I ſuppoſe ſhe knew you better than I, and avoided ſo rough a fellow.

*Fid.* Inſolent!

*Inf.* Something near my Name, tho' ſtill without my Title.

*Fid.* Well, Sir.

*Inf.* Barbarous!

*Fid.* Did you not receive a Letter ſigned *Fidelio*, which told you my Birth was noble as the firſt *Venetians*, tho' my ſunk Fortunes were now my Foe, yet *Ariana*, that all-generous Maid, through my dejected Poverty ſmiled on my conſtant Love, and gave me Hopes I beg'd ye to deſiſt, elſe let you know, that my Life muſt firſt be had before the glorious Prize; read you not that Letter?

*Inf.* Something I do remember of ſuch a Paper, but I ſaw it was a Man's Hand, and gave it my Valet to peruſe, and asking him if there was any thing in it to divert me, he ſaid, No; ſo I ne'er thought on't more.

*Fid.* Now you have heard the Contents, pray diſmiſs your numerous Attendants, and meet or go with me to the Field that lies behind the Lemon-Grove, where this Diſpute ſhall inſtantly be ended.

*Inf.* What's the man mad? wou'd ye have me fight in this Wig?

*Fid.* Why not?

*Inf.* Oh Heavens! any thing towards a violent motion would raiſe ſuch a Duſt out on't, I ſhou'd be kill'd in a miſt.

*Fid.* Pho, pho, we'll call at my Lodgings, and you ſhall put on one of mine.

*Inf.* Poiſon me if ever I heard the like, prithee where doſt think I was bred? wear another man's Wig, when the beſt Barber in *Venice* knows, that after he has alter'd, amended, reform'd, and modell'd a new Wig for me half a Year, it is with much perſwaſion I try it.

*Fid.* Here's a deal of Nonſence, come, what a pox muſt we do then, for fight you I am reſolv'd, or kick and poſt you thro' the Streets of *Venice*.

*Inf.* By the Muſes, I know not what to ſay; in *France* I have a Campaign for the bloody purpoſe, 'tis ſo neceſſary, yet ſo becoming, ſeveral Marſhals of *France* have been ready to pull me to pieces for it; there I have alſo fighting Shoes, fighting Gloves, fighting Sword, *&c.* and, in fine, can in a moment be equipp'd *en Chevalier*: Travelling now like a Man of Quality, and to obtain my Miſtreſs, I left my War-like Habiliments behind; if you'll have Patience, I'll ſend poſt for 'em.

*Fid.* Incorrigible Fool! No, Sir, I give you but till to morrow to anſwer me, and that you may be ſure not to forget the Affront, there's a Remembrance upon your Noſe, [*tweaks him by the Noſe*]
and another upon your backſide. [*kicks him.*
and a warm one for your Cheek. [*gives him a box on the Ear.*



*Inf.* Well,

*Inſ.* Well Tarpaulin, Monſter, half Fiſh half Man, I'll be reveng'd, I will Villain, there's thoſe ſhall puniſh ye; hey my Attendants.

*Exit Lord* Inſuls.

*Fid.* Now this fellow goes directly to my *Ariana*'s Father; ſure her Love will inſpire me to counterplot one Rival-fool.

*By Force or Wit his Claim he ſhall decline;*
*If Heaven is juſt, the Virgin muſt be mine.*

*The End of the Second Act.*

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# ACT III. SCENE *draws.*

## Bondi *ſitting in a Chair.*

*Enter* Ariana, *near the Audience.*

*Arian.* HUmph, my Father here already! I did not think he had been come into this Room; he can't ſee me, and I will ſteal ſoftly through, he ſhan't hear me neither. (*Aſide.*

(*As ſhe's about the middle of the Stage.*)

*Bond.* Who's there?

*Aria.* What ſhall I do now? I'll counterfeit *Madge* the Dairy-maid's Voice, for if he knows me, I ſhan't get from him the Lord knows when. (*Aſide.*

(*Speaks broad.*)

'Tis I, my Lord, I did not think any of the Gentry had been come into this Parlour, ſo I went this way to ſerve my Pullein; Iſe warrant Iſe come no more here.

(*Runs ſtamping off*, Bondi *throws his Cane after her.*

*Bond.* Oh, diſſembling Baggage! Are all blind men ſerved thus? Two ſuch Women as my Wife and Daughter are enough to make twenty Men mad.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, ſome Company from the Duke, and with them the famous Oculiſt *Gonſalvo* ſpoke of.

*Bond.* So, now my greateſt Misfortune is falling upon me. (*Aſide.*

Call my Family together, and go to *Gervatio*, bid him, as he values his Life, conſider what I ſaid to him, and haſten to me. (*Exit Servant.*)

The Impoſture known, Boys will hoot me out of *Venice*; then, to have an unskilful

skilful Man put me to intolerable pain, perhaps real Blindneſs, Oh! I ſhall go mad. (*Stamps*)

*Enter* Olivia, Actwell *dreſs'd like a Doctor, and ſeveral others.*

I know not a Face of thoſe, ſure my Friends are afraid to come, the Operation is ſo dangerous. (*Aſide.*

*Oliv.* How d'ye, my Dear, were you in a paſſion juſt now?

*Bond.* I found by Inſtinct you were near me, and that made me Horn mad.

*Oliv.* Humph, I am a Fool to ſpeak to you at all.

*Bond.* You are a Fool, a groſs one, becauſe you diſſemble poorly; but, blind as I am, I can ſee thro' it.

*Oliv.* What does he mean? he can't be jealous of Count *Andrea*, becauſe he never ſaw him. (*Aſide.*)

Well, my Dear, I conſider your Condition, and will bear with your peeviſh Humor. Here's ſome Gentlemen, and a famous Oculiſt, ſent by the Duke, to look into your Eyes.

*Bond.* Peace, Scriech-owl, I am in pain enough already.

*Oliv.* I hope he will give you eaſe, my Lord.

Sir, pleaſe to look into my Husband's Eyes.

*Actw.* Fear not, my Lord, putting your ſelf into my Hands, ſhou'd I, or ſome of thoſe Gentlemen that have travel'd with me, recount the Wonders I have done, you wou'd rejoyce at your good Fortune in meeting with me. There's the Emperor of *Germany*'s Aunt, threeſcore and ten, was led about ſtone blind twenty Years; I came, and in a few weeks time made ſo perfect a Cure, that ſhe has ſince work'd her Nephew a Point Cravat. I take out Specks where no body elſe can ſee 'em.

*Bond.* That will be my Caſe. (*Aſide.*

*Actw.* Oh, the ſweet Duke of *Tuſcany!* what a Film did I clear his Eyes of! the Good of Mankind prevail'd with me, or elſe 'twas hard to get from him.

*Bond.* Mr. Doctor, I don't doubt your Skill, but I had rather wait the Will of Heaven for the reſtoring my Sight.

*Actw.* By your Leave, my Lord, I am Heaven's Inſtrument, and here's the Duke's Command to do my beſt for you. Gentlemen, draw near, and hold him in the Chair, while I look in his Eyes.

*Bond.* I ſhall be murder'd here. (*Struggles.*

*Oliv.* Pray, my Dear, be rul'd.

*Bond. Jezabel!*

*Actw.* Ay, ay, here it is, a huge Speck, juſt growing on the Ball of his Sight, the worſt of black Catarachs, but I ſhall out with him: let's ſee, how is t'other Eye? Oh Lord, further gone! Well, you may bleſs your Stars that you met with me as you did, or elſe you had never ſeen in this World agen.

*Bond.* I am contented with my preſent condition, and deſire to ſpeak with the Duke before you meddle with me.

*Actw.* My Lord, your condition is a desperate condition, and the Duke shall see some of my Art before you speak with him.

[*Looking out his Instruments.*

*Bond.* Oh the Devil! I shall be ruin'd, where's this Dog *Gervatio*? (*Aside.*

*Actw.* When I have couched your Eyes, my Lord, you must lye upon your Back for six weeks, and be fed with nothing but a Feather.

*Bond.* Oh!

*Enter* Ariana *and* Fidelio.

*Aria.* Why you us'd him most inhumanly, I fear he'l complain to the old Gentleman. Heyday, what have we here, my Father in the hands of the *Philistins!* Stay, don't you speak till some time after me. What's the matter, Sir?

*Bond.* So, here's another of my Comforts, with her Beggar at her Tail. (*Aside.*) The matter! here's a Fellow will mangle my Eyes whether I will or no.

*Fid.* Can I serve you, Sir?

*Bond.* Yes, if you'l beat that fellow.

*Actw.* How! beat me, that have the Badges of all the Princes of *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America!* Come, come, I find my Lord's mad; pray, Gentlemen, help me to bind him in his Chair.

*Bond.* Murder, murder! then, to tell you the truth, I am not blind.

Gervatio *entring.*

*Gerv.* Nay, then 'tis time for me to appear. (*Aside.*

*Bond.* I tell you I am not blind.

*Actw.* Pho, pho, this is only his fear.

*Oliv.* Nothing else, you may assure your selves.

*Aria.* Well said, Mother, I think you may be pretty confident on't, for no man that cou'd have seen would have had Patience to have born what you have acted before his Face.

*Gerv.* Make way there, let me come at my dear-lov'd Master, the sacred Girdle of St. *Silvester*, brought by two holy Men, is just arriv'd; a new unusual Light struck thro' the Hall, and I could see as if I had ten pair of Eyes, so light, so glorious was the place; 'tis lodg'd i'th' Chappel, whither the Priests desire you all to repair, and invoke the power of the Saint.

*Actw.* A Pox of those Miracles; d'ye hear, if your Saint does you no good, don't send for me, for, by *Belzebub*, I'll not come at ye.

*Gerv.* Rarely perform'd, I'll speak with ye by and by. (*Aside.*

*Exit* Actwell.

*Bond.* Thy Hand, *Gervatio*, I tremble every Joynt of me; thou art a Rogue, but I forgive thee. Come, Gentlewomen, tho' I believe your Prayers signifie but little.

*Exeunt* Bondi *and* Gervatio.

*Aria.* Madam, what think you of this miraculous Girdle?

*Oliv.* I don't use to have a great Opinion of those things, but we shall see what Wonders this will do.

*Fid.*

*Fid.* I think the whole Story is all a Wonder.

*Oliv.* When your Father cry'd out, he was not blind, I was terribly frighted.

*Aria.* I believe you was, Madam.

*Fid.* I'll try to engage *Gervatio* farther in our Intereſt, then we ſhall know all.

*Aria.* Come, come, if we ſtay longer, I'm ſure we ſhall be miſs'd. *Exeunt.*

*Scene changes to my Lady* Temptyouth's *Houſe,* Lucinda *at a Dreſſing-Table.*

*Enter Lady* Temptyouth.

*La. Tem.* How is it, my Bloſſom? Let me ſee, has not ſitting up at the Ball laſt night ſpoil'd thy Complexion? No, not a bit: Oh, I cou'd kiſs thy pretty Eyes out.

*Lucin.* How can your Ladiſhip tell my Complexion is not ſpoil'd? I have got both my white and red on, Madam.

*La. Tem.* Oh, that's nothing Chicken, there's a Vivacity ſtrikes through, and thy pretty Eyes are as ſprightly, as if thou hadſt drank *Nectar* this Morning. Come, what Conqueſts did you make laſt night? You know there lies my Pleaſure, to hear of your Victories.

*Lucin.* There was my Lord *Dreſſwell* ſaid a thouſand fooliſh things to me.

*La. Tem.* Pho, hang him, he's going down the World, he's neither fit for Husband nor Cully; think not of him, I charge thee, *Lucinda.*

*Lucin.* I ſhall never think of any without your Ladiſhips directions.

*La. Tem.* That's my good Girl; well, but was there none elſe?

*Lucin.* Yes, there was the Duke's ſecond Son, he only bluſh'd when he came near me, trembled when he touch'd my Hand, danc'd with ſuch concern, that I thought he would have fallen.

*La. Tem.* Ha, ha, ha, the Fool's in love, I'll put him down in my Table-book, he may proye conſiderable.

*Lucin.* As for the reſt, ſome ſwore they hated me, others I was not pretty; ſo thro' a Medley of Confuſion every one endeavour'd to expreſs their Admiration.

*La. Tem.* Thou art a dear, dear Charmer; well, I ſwear I love thee better than any of the little Creatures I ever brought up before.

*Lucin.* I thank my beſt Mother.

*La. Tem.* Nay, thy own Mother was a pure good Woman, only her barbarous Friends turn'd her out of Doors for having ſuch a pretty Rogue as thee: I kept her, poor Lady, till ſhe died.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lady *Olivia Bondi* ſends to tell your Honour, That St. *Silveſter*'s wonderful Girdle has reſtor'd my Lord *Bondi*'s Sight, for which, at preſent, they are paying their Devotions this Afternoon, the Duke's Muſick, Balls, and all Diverti-

ſements

tiſements *Venice* will afford, fill my Lord *Bondi*'s Houſe; the Ladies deſire your Honour's company, and the fair *Lucinda*'s.

*La. Tem.* We I wait upon them, our Service to the Ladies. (*Exit Servant.* Poor *Olivia*, her croſs Husband's ſeeing will be but bad for her and Count *Andrea:* Hang't, 'tis ſetting our Inventions a little more upon the ſtretch, and we ſhall outwit him ſtill. Ha! I have a Thought come into my Head for thy advantage, *Lucinda.* Here, *Tifflewell*, bring my Girl's beſt Head, and all her Jewels. Oh, *Lucinda*, if thou canſt play one part to a Maſterpiece, I don't doubt making thy Fortunes for ever.

*Enter* Tifflewell *with the things.*

Ah, *Tifflewell!* now ſhow thy utmoſt Art, and make thy Miſtreſs charming as an Angel.

*Tiff.* I warrant ye, Madam, ſuch a piece of Youth and Beauty to work upon, and fine Clothes, let me alone to make an Angel of her.

*La. Tem.* If thou canſt but humour it.

*Lucin.* Give me Inſtructions, Madam, I am not accounted backward.

*La. Tem.* No, no, thou'rt a dear forward Girl as Heart can wiſh; this would oblige our Friends, prove an everlaſting Proviſion for your ſelf, and raviſh me with Joy.

*Lucin.* But yet you won't tell me what it is.

*La. Tem.* Dear *Tifflewell*, put another Jewel here.

*Tiff.* Pray your Honour let me have my own Fancy firſt.

*La. Tem.* *Lucinda* ſhall ſing, and *Lucinda* ſhall dance, and if they two, both in perfection, won't charm him, the Devil's in't.

*Lucin.* Sing and dance, is that all? I have done that often enough to no purpoſe already.

*La. Tem.* Yes, yes, thou ſhalt do more than that, my dear Chicken, can't you put on a world of Affectation?

*Lucin.* With all the eaſe in the World: Alas, Madam, It was born with me, and I have as much ado in ſome meaſure to overcome it, as I have my Inclinations towards the eating green Fruit.

*La. Tem.* Affectation is a mighty Art, my Dear, and thoſe pretty Eyes muſt be manag'd a thouſand ſeveral ways, ſevere, languiſhant, ogling, darting their Beams, caſt around, and if they chance to meet, a Lover's thrown with wondrous haſte and modeſty into your ſnowy Boſom.

*Lucin.* My Eyes, dear Mother, ever were at my Command, but never let Fools in them read my Heart: Thus I have look'd upon the man I ſcorn'd, thus on him I would not have believe my Love impoſſible, tho' hard, to gain; kind and coming Looks I ſeldom uſe, I'm not arriv'd at that Age yet.

*La. Tem.* Dear Girl, your Aptneſs prevents the Care I would have undergone in your Directions, but you muſt be very ſure to rail, commend neither Man nor Woman, either in their Perſons or Dreſs, except my Lord, to whom you are all the while addreſſing.

*Lucin.*

*Lucin.* I am glad 'tis a Lord, for I hate to take pains about a fellow that has no Title.

*La. Tem.* He has not only a Title, but an Eſtate, and every thing I cou'd wiſh for thee; Are you quite ready?

*Lucin.* Yes, Madam, do I look killing?

*La. Tem.* Like a Cherubim; come along. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Count* Andrea *and* Olivia.

*Andr.* Oh my *Olivia!* *Bondi*'s Sight reſtor'd deprives me ever of the Light of thoſe dear Eyes: I ne'er believ'd thoſe Miracles told by canting Prieſts, now Heaven, to puniſh my Incredulity, has ſent one that robs me of all my Bliſs, and nothing but the crowd, the noiſe of this wondrous Girdle brought, could have gain'd my Admittance now.

*Oliv.* My Lady *Temptyouth* is our Friend; beſide, theſe warm Deſires will ſoon grow cool, and then you will be glad of an Excuſe.

*Andr.* Never, *Olivia*, never; my Youth, my Life, my Fortunes, all are dedicated to thee.

*La. Tem.* [*within*] I ſay, my Lord, you ſhall not preſs into your Ladies Chamber till ſhe has word we are here.

*Bond.* [*within*] Sure this Woman intends to vex me ſtark mad.

*Oliv.* Oh Heavens, my Husband! what ſhall we do?

*Andr.* I'le get into the Cloſet.

*Oliv.* Alas, he has the Maſter-key.

*Bond.* [*within*] 'Tis but in vain, Heaven has reſtor'd my Eyes, and I will ſee what is done in my Houſe.

*Oliv.* Good my Lord, under my Toylet, quick, quick.

*Enter Lady* Temptyouth, Bondi, *and* Lucinda.

*La. Tem.* And what wou'd you ſee now, your good Lady all alone, returning Heaven Thanks, I dare ſwear, for the wondrous Bleſſing you have receiv'd.

*Bond.* I'm ſure I ſaw the glimpſe of a Man follow her to her Chamber.

*Oliv.* A Man with me!

*La. Tem.* Pho, Child, 'tis Jealouſie, he takes thy Shadow for a Man.

*Bond.* I'le look into this Cloſet, but not enter it, leſt you juggle him from under your Petticoats.

[Olivia *makes ſigns to* Lady Temptyouth, *that he is under the Toylet.*

*La. Tem.* Come, is your Maggot over? will you down into the Dining-room, hear the practice of Muſick, and my *Lucinda* ſhall give you a Dance.

*Bond.* Dancing be damn'd, I'd as live ſee a *Monkey* leap from Tree to Tree.

*La. Tem.* Not even his Eyes agen will put this man into a good Humour. Well, I hope we have a noble Entertainment, according to the old Proverb, *a Miſer's Feaſt is always the beſt.*; will ye go down, or no?

*Bond.* No, I'll dine here.

*La. Tem.* Seem willing, madam, 'tis the only way to prevent him. (*Aſide.*

*Oliv.*

*Oliv.* With all my Heart, for I hate much Company: Here *Diego*, and your fellow, carry this Table to the Dreſſing-room-door, a-top of the back Stairs, there *Sylvia* can thruſt it in, and bring the Side-board hither.

*Enter Men, who carry off the Table, Lady* Temptyouth *going by the ſide.*

*La. Tem.* Have a care you drop nothing.

*Dieg.* 'Tis plaguy heavy.

*Bond.* You are wondrous forward, perhaps I won't dine here when all is done.

*Lucind.* Heyday! ſure the old Gentleman does not know his own mind.

*Bond.* Goodlack, Mrs. *Pert*, are you ſetled in yours?

*Lucin.* If I am not, my Lord, my Years excuſe it.

*Bond.* One of your bringing up, my Lady *Temptyouth*, I ſuppoſe, becauſe ſhe is ſo brisk.

*La. Tem.* I'm not aſham'd to own her; yes, 'tis my dear Girl.

*Serv.* An't pleaſe your Honour, my Lord *Inſulls* deſires to ſpeak with you, on very earneſt buſineſs.

*Bond.* I believe I may dare venture to go, for my Gipſie would never have been ſo willing I ſhould have dined here, if the Coaſt had not been clear. (*Aſide*) Shew me where he is. (*Exit with the Servant.*

*Oliv.* So, he is gone, I hope the Count is ſafe.

*La. Tem.* Yes, yes, I ſaw him ſlip down the back-ſtairs as ſoon as ever the Men were out of ſight.

*Oliv.* How do you do, pretty Lady, I ſcarce dare ſpeak to you before my Husband, he's ſo peeviſh.

*Lucin.* Peeviſh, indeed I never ſaw ſuch a croſs old man in all my life.

*Oliv.* What would you do, my Dear, if your pretty Youth was confin'd to ſuch an one.

*Lucin.* O, I'd quickly ſend him to Heaven in a String; I'd have half a ſcore Gallants; Madam, if I did not teaze him to that degree, that in a months time he went to ſleep with his Fathers, hang me for a Fool.

*Oliv.* Thou art a Mad-cap.

*La. Tem.* Let us go down, for I have a Deſign upon that Lord *Inſulls*, which I'll tell you as we walk.

*Oliv.* I am ready to wait upon you. *Exeunt.*

*Scene Changes.*

*Enter* Bondi *and Lord* Inſulls.

*Bond.* Was ever ſuch Impudence, ſuch Diſobedience practis'd under one's own Roof? Mercy on me! what will this World come to? A wanton Wife and an undutiful Daughter! the Plagues of *Egypt* were meer Flea-bitings to them.

*Inſ.* Nay,

*Inſ.* Nay, I thought your Lordſhip was not privy to the Affront, becauſe I knew your Lordſhip firſt propos'd the Match; indeed never man of Quality was ſo abuſed; I would have fought the fellow, but that I fear'd, by his Carriage, he was a Scoundrel, and would diſgrace my Sword.

*Bond.* Oh, 'tis a vile Wretch, but I'll be ſo reveng'd on him. My Lord, if yet you think my Daughter worthy, the Ball juſt ended, a Prieſt ſhall make her yours for ever, tho' indeed ſhe ought to expect your Scorn and Hatred.

*Inſ.* My Education taught me never to bear Diſpleaſure againſt the fair Ladies, I ſhall wait with much Impatience and Joy till you ſummon me to the fair one.

*Bond.* My Lord, I beg you would go to the Company, whilſt I ſend for my Daughter, and give her a Leſſon, for I fear ſhe was at the bottom on't.
Call *Ariana.* (*To a Servant.*

*Inſ.* I will leave ye pray be not too ſevere upon the Lady, I have a great reſpect for her; but for that rude fellow, by the Muſes, he deſerves kicking and pumping. *Exit L.* Inſulls.

*Enter* Ariana.

*Aria.* Did you ſend for me, Sir?

*Bond.* Yes, Mrs. *Manybetters*, and none worſe; how you are trick'd up! the Dancing, not your Father's Sight reſtor'd, is your Joy: Are not you a Cockatrice? dare you look me in the Face after what you have done?

*Aria.* Done, my Lord!

*Bond.* Yes done, Minx, you and your beggerly Bravo abuſe a man of Quality, Fortune and Honour.

*Aria.* Has the Baby been to tell its Tale then?

*Bond.* D'ye make a Jeſt on't Huſwife? Hear what I ſay, and mark it: This night thou ſhalt be my Lord *Inſulls* Wife, or elſe, by Heaven, I'll turn thee looſe into the wide Streets of *Venice*, ſtript of all Means, all Comforts, there to get thy Bread amongſt thy fellow-proſtitutes, but never own thee for my Daughter more.

*Aria.* Theſe are cruel ſounds, they ſtrike through my ſoul, and dead my ſence. Oh, Sir, hear your only Child; you us'd to ſay you lov'd me, if I have loſt that Bleſſing, let Compaſſion plead, heap on me all puniſhments, ſpare me but in this; let not my Youth be condemn'd to what I loath, to ſuch a Fool, a Blockhead, Coward.

*Bond.* Rebellious Witch!

*Aria.* Conſider, Sir, you force me on the Road to Hell, for my ſtrong Averſion needs muſt lead me on to Murders, Adulteries, or ſuch horrid Crimes that will ſurely plunge me there.

*Bond.* Let go, ſtand off, for as I have a Soul, this night you are married, or ten thouſand real Miſchiefs ſhall befal thee.

*Exit* Bond.

*Aria.* Miſchief is already on me, laſting Miſchief, fix'd for Life, a Husband whom I ſhall ever hate and all the World will ſtill deſpiſe, all my cheerful hours are for ever fled, Fate has not one in ſtore: Then let their Revels ſhake the Houſe

with noiſie pleaſure, fix'd on this wretched Earth, ſo ſtupified I'll grow, till I can work my melancholy Thought to fancy I'm a piece on't.

*Enter* Gervatio.

*Gerv.* What's here, my charming young Miſtreſs on the Ground, ſhe that us'd to enliven all the World, now, when there reigns a general Joy, ſunk in Sorrow? Riſe, dear Madam, riſe.

*Aria.* Never. (*Lifts her up.*

*Gerv.* I'll try that; come Madam, what's the cauſe of this dejection? did I not receive from you a noble Preſent? Come, pray believe me yours, and tell me what's the matter.

*Aria.* If I durſt truſt thee, but 'tis no Secret; my Father has ſworn I this night ſhall wed *Inſulls*.

*Gerv.* And you had rather have *Fidelio*.

*Aria.* Rather, oh, there is no compariſon

*Gerv.* Smile then and you ſhall; but, udsfiſh, I'll do nothing without you are merry.

*Aria.* Were I rid of the fear of *Inſulls*, I could leap over the Moon.

*Gerv.* Let me ſee, does not this Lord *Inſulls* pretend to Poetry?

*Aria.* Moſt intolerably.

*Gerv.* And is he not vain upon it?

*Aria.* As all Wou'd-be-wits are.

*Gerv.* Then, dear madam, let your Troubles end, and be as brisk as your ſweet natural Temper incites, I warrant your Lumber of a Lover ſafe enough from diſturbing you when the Ball's done.

*Aria.* O that I could believe thee

*Gerv.* You'l believe me when by my ſole contrivance the Parſon hath conjur'd you between a pair of ſheets in *Fidelio*'s Arms; ah! methinks I ſee you laid on the delicious Scene.

*Aria.* Go, you are a Talker: Then I am to know nothing of your plot.

*Gerv.* Not till you hear of the ſucceſs to the Company, ſweet madam. Yonder the Hall's as full as it can hold, the Muſick's a thrumming, the Gallants are ogling, my Lady *Temptyouth* as buſie as a Bee, there wants nothing but you to crown the Aſſembly.

*Aria.* I'm gone; remember, if you fail my Heart's broke.

*Gerv.* Let your Heart be as light as your Heels, and fear nothing, fair Lady.

*Aria.* Take this and be careful. *Gives him Mony, and exit.*

*Gerv.* I would not be old *Bondi*'s faithful Fool agen for the World, there's ſome delight a *Guſto* in ſerving theſe young generous ſouls: Well, Brains, if e'er you'd do me ſervice, let it be now, help me to baulk this fooliſh Lord.

Fix ſoft *Ariana* where her Wiſhes tend,
So ſhe ſecures a Lover, I a Friend.

*The End of the Third Act.*

ACT

# ACT. IV.

## *SCENE a Hall.*

*Wherein is* Bondi, *Count* Andrea, *Lord* Inſulls, Fidelio, *and ſeveral other Gentlemen*; Olivia, Ariana, *Lady* Temptyouth, Lucinda, *with many other Ladies.*

*Bond.* COunt *Andrea* is your Gueſt, I ſuppoſe. (*to* Olivia.

*Oliv.* My Lord!

*La. Tem.* No, he is my Gueſt, ſure for the many Eſtates I have help'd you to for half the worth of 'em, you may allow me to bring one Friend.

*Bond.* Your Ladiſhip's alwaies my Friend, I thank you. Come, why don't this Dancing go on? if your Heels wou'd wag, 'tis to be hoped you would be tir'd and ha' done once.

## *SONGS, and a DANCE by* Lucinda *and a* French *Beau.*

*Inſ.* (*to* Lucinda) Heavens, Madam! I have ſeen nothing ſo raviſhly fine, nothing like it, by the Muſes; ſince I left *Verſailles*, 'twou'd be impertinence to the higheſt degree to ask if your Ladiſhip was not bred in *France*.

*Luc.* Oh, the *Paradiſe* of the World bred there, my Lord: Yes, my Mother was ſo nice ſhe had me nurs'd in *France*; I warrant ſhe would not a let me ſuck'd any other than French Milk for a Principality.

*Inſ.* A witty Woman, by the Muſes, and charmingly pretty: Then your Ladiſhip underſtands the French Freedom and Gallantry? According to thoſe Rules, pray Madam, number me amongſt your humbleſt Servants.

*Luc.* With all my Heart, there's a Favour to diſtinguiſh you. (*Gives a Ribbon.*
No more words now we are obſerv'd.

*La. Tem.* Well done, my *Lucinda*, ſhe's at him, i'faith, my Maidenhead to an Eggſhell he's her own. (*aſide.*)

*To Oliv.*) This is dull doings, Madam, I wiſh I could part the Company, ſend thoſe Gravities to tope their Noſes, and get our ſelves a little freedom.

*Oliv.* I wiſh you cou'd, Madam; poor *Ariana* has not ſpoke a word ſince ſhe came into the Hall.

*La. Tem.* I'le try: Well, now I vote that the Gentlemen and Ladies that have danc'd retire into the drawing Room, and recruit with Sweetmeats and cool Wines, and the old Dons take up their Smoaking-room, and drink luſty *Chiaux*, *Bagrag*, and the warmeſt Wines my Lord *Melito Bondi*'s Cellar affords.

*Andr.* Spoke like an Oracle.

*Bond.* Spoke like a Devil, putting all the young ones together; but this is the laſt day of her Reign, for I'le forbid her my Houſe, tho' I loſe Ten thouſand Crowns a Year by it. (*Aſide.*

*An old Senator.* I like the motion well, for, by my holy Dame, I am tir'd with ſeeing nothing but hip hop, hip hop.

*La. Tem.* Come, come, you as becomes you, your Age and Quality firſt.

(*Driving out the old Men.*

*Bond.* The Devil take thee. (*Aſide.*

*La. Tem.* Now pair all, and follow your Leader.

*Inſ.* I'le let *Ariana* ſee I ſtomach the Affront.

*To Lucin.*) Madam, may I crave the honour of your Hand?

*Luc.* Yes Gallant, 'tis at your ſervice.

(*Exeunt omnes but* Fidelio *and* Ariana.

*Aria.* Did you ſee my Fool ſtrut by with *Lucinda*? Now he is vain enough to fancy I will be jealous.

*Fid.* He is not worth a Thought.

*Aria.* Alas, you know not how formidable he is; my Father, with the diſmal'ſt Threats that Man could utter, has ſworn to marry me to him this very Evening, as ſoon as the Ball is over.

*Fid.* Hell and Furies! I'll cut his Throat immediately.

*Aria.* Hold, hold, *Gervatio* with much aſſurance promis'd me a deliverance, have a little patience, ſuch deſperate Attempts will ruine all.

*Fid.* Doſt think I'le ſtand by and ſee thee loſt?

*Aria.* Nor will I tamely yield; but now let's be calm, and the Company, methinks I have great Faith in *Gervatio*'s Promiſes.

*Fid.* And I have Faith in thee; but, oh, if power ſhould overcome madneſs, Deſpair and Death would ſeize me.

(*Lady* Temptyouth *peeping.*

*La. Tem.* Where are you, Chickens? Come hither, or ſpight of me, the old man will rouze ye.

*Aria.* We come. *Exeunt.*

*Scene*

*Scene changes.*

*Enter* Gervatio, Stretchwell, *and* Heardouble.

*Gerv.* Mr. *Stretchwell*, and Mr. *Heardouble*, you underſtand your buſineſs.

*Stretch.* Ay ſure, or elſe we ſpent our Lives to very little purpoſe.

*Gerv.* Well, here I plant ye, and bring the Lord *Inſu'ls*; if he owns he made the Libel call'd *The preſent ſtate of Venice*, you know what you have to do.

*Heard.* Yes, yes, truſs him up for Treaſon.

*Stretch.* Hurry him away to Priſon without Bail or Mainpriſe.

*Gerv.* Right, behind thoſe Hangings conceal your ſelves, I'll bring him as ſoon as poſſible.

*Stretch.* His buſineſs ſhall be done I'll warrant thee, old boy.

*Gerv.* And you rewarded. *Exit* Gervatio.

*Heard.* Well, Brother, we are a great Prop to this State, *Venice* had long ago moulder'd into its watry Foundation, if we Informers had not ſupported it from ten thouſand Treaſons.

*Stretch.* Doſt think think this Lord *Inſulls* is guilty or not?

*Heard.* What matter is't? he's rich, and we'l fleece him.

*Stretch.* I hate a poor Dog, that pretends to be in a Plot.

*Heard.* Impudent Varlets! when they han't Mony enough to pay their Fees, they'l undertake to turn Governments upſide down.

*Stretch.* Hark, I hear a noiſe, to our Poſts. (*They abſcond.*

*Enter Lord* Inſulls *and* Gervatio.

*Gerv.* My Lord, I humbly ask your pardon, for drawing your Honour from the bright Aſſembly, but I underſtand you are in a fair way to be Heir-apparent to all my old Maſter's Wealth: I have been a long and faithful Servant here, and may prevail with old *Bondi* to drop more Bags than he deſign'd.

*Inſ.* Honeſt *Gervatio*, thou art kind, but the young Lady uſes me moſt ſcurvily, by the Muſes, ſhe muſt expect, whem I am her Husband, that in return of her ſcorn I treat her with Indifference.

*Gerv.* She deſerves it; good Heavens! ſlight ſuch Worth as yours!

*Inſ.* Nay, by the Muſes, *Gervatio*, without boaſting, I may ſay, all the Courts in *Chriſtendom* have admir'd my Perſon, Parts, and Dreſs.

*Gerv.* No doubt, my Lord, your Lordſhip has ſuch an Oath, ſets my mouth all on Water, by the Muſes: Oh, I had a deviliſh ſmatt'ring at 'em in my Youth, but hard Fate threw me upon Units, Tens, and the Gargon of Accounts, when I long'd to have been rhiming: I am ſure your Honour writes, O that I cou'd be ſo happy to peruſe ſome of your incomparable lines.

*Inſ.* What I write is all light Satyr, if your Fancy's that way, I can ſend you Reams of cover'd Paper.

*Gerv.*

*Gerv.* Is it ſo light Satyr, i'faith? ha, ha, ha, nay, then I ſmell a Rat indeed, they ſed 'twas a Stranger did it.

*Inſ.* What d'ye mean?

*Gerv.* As if you did not know, that exquiſite, elaborate, moſt ingenious piece, call'd *The preſent ſtate of Venice*, wherein the Satyr is ſo winning, ſo inſtructive, ſo reforming, as I may ſay, that the Duke is pleas'd with it to that degree, he has promis'd his fair Daughter's Picture ſet round with Diamonds, in a Gold Chain that goes fifteen times about the Neck, to the Man that will own himſelf the Author.

*Inſ.* He, he, he, does that Trifle make ſuch a noiſe? Alas, I have writ Five hundred better than that.

*Gerv.* Impoſſible, but we owe this to your Lordſhip, I'm ſure.

*Inſ.* Yes, the Lines are mine, but I care not to expoſe my Name, I want not the Duke's Preſent, *Gervatio*

*Gerv.* No, my Lord!

(*Both the Informers run out, and clap two Piſtols to his Head.*

*Inſ.* What's the matter, Gentlemen?

*Stretch.* Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, make no noiſe nor reſiſtance, if you do, one of theſe ſends your Poetical Brains into the Air immediately.

*Heard.* Here's a Rogue for ye, Brother! he ſed he had made Five thouſand Libels on the Duke and Senate.

*Stretch.* Ay, ay, he ſhall have his Reward, a Halter inſtead of a Gold Chain.

*Inſ.* Why Gentlemen, to tell you the truth, I did not write the Verſes.

*Stretch.* Every Malefactor can deny his Crime.

*Inſ.* Oh *Gervatio!* what's the meaning of all this?

*Gerv.* Heavens! my Lord, I am as much amaz'd as you, theſe fellows have betray'd me, they told me the Poetry was ador'd by the Duke and Senate, and I ſhould have a ſwindging Reward if I could diſcover the Author; my buſineſs was always to get Mony, my Lord, and I hoped to have done my ſelf a Kindneſs and your Lordſhip an Honour.

*Inſ.* Yes, you have honour'd me, I thank ye, put me in a fair way to be hang'd: Good Gentlemen, remove theſe horrid Inſtruments of Death a little further, they put my Peruke quite out of the curl, and my Body in ſuch violent ſweats, I ſhan't be able to come near the Ladies agen this fortnight.

*Heard.* Oh, there's no Ladies where you are a going, come along.

*Gerv.* Fear not, my Lord, I'll get you Bail.

*Stretch.* How, going to whiſper the Priſoner! here's another Fiddle will make ye dance farther off.

(*Pulls out another Piſtol.*

*Gerv.* O Lord, O Lord, I never could endure the Noſe of *Belzebub* againſt my precious perſon. (*runs off.*

*Heard.* Come, let's have him the back way, leſt he alarm the Houſe.

*Stretch.*

*Stretch.* Shall we put him in the Dungeon?

*Inſ.* Good Gentlemen, conſider my Ball-clothes.

*Stretch.* Here's a Fellow taking care of his Clothes when his Life is in danger.

*Heard.* Well, Brother, according as his pockets are lined, he ſhall be uſed.

*Stretch.* Ay, ay, away with him.

*Inſ.* Pray leave haling me, I'll go quietly.

*Stretch.* You'd beſt. *Exeunt.*

*Scene draws, and diſcovers* Olivia, *Lady* Temptyouth, Ariana, Lucinda, *Ladies*; Andrea, Fidelio, *Gentlemen*; *a Side-table, with Wine.*

*Aria.* Madam, ſhan't we beg a Song of the charming *Lucinda?*

*La. Tem.* Not till my Lord comes, I have told ye my deſign. (*Aſide to* Ariana.

*Aria.* And I like it extreamly.

*Enter* Bondi, *the old Senator, and a Prieſt.*

*Aria.* Heavens! look *Fidelio*, what's that ſtalks behind my Father, a Prieſt?

*Fid.* The Devil it is.

*Aria.* I fear there's miſchief's toward.

*Bond.* As the day has paſſed in Joy, ſo, I hope, 'twill have a joyful end, for I deſign before all theſe Witneſſes to marry my Daughter, the young Lord *Inſulls* is the Bridegroom, his Father and I long ago concluded it, only my Infirmity deferred the matter.

*Old Sen.* Ay, let's have a Wedding, the thoughts on't makes my old Blood dance.

*Andr.* Rather the ſtrong Wines work upon your weak Brain.

*La. Tem.* The Devil! all my deſign's ruin'd, and poor *Ariana's* Heart broke: fiddle faddle, my Lord *Bondi*, this is nothing but thriftineſs, now the Fragments of the days Revels muſt ſerve for the Wedding Supper; no, no, old Gentleman, don't miſtake your ſelf, we'l have another Feſtival for dear *Ariana's* Marriage.

*Bond.* My Lady, you have a large rule in my Family, but in this Affair, upon my word, I'll be Maſter.

*Fid.* My Veins with kindling Rage are all on fire, what ſhall I do, my *Ariana?* I'll meet and ſtab him as he enters.

*Aria.* Have a moments patience, he appears not yet.

*Luc.* What, muſt I loſe my new Servant, Madam? (*To Lady* Tempt.

*La. Tem.* So it ſeems, Child.

*Luc.* A welladay! but hang't, while Fifteen has not overtaken me, I'll never ſpoil my Face with grieving.

*Oliv*

*Oliv.* If I have any power, my Lord, I beg you wou'd oblige your weeping Daughter, in delaying this unwelcome Match.

*Bond.* Reſt aſſured you have no power with me, and all you ſay againſt it haſtens my Reſolves; uſe your Prayers and your Commands where you beſtow your Charms, I am cold, as I have ever found your Love.

*Oliv.* This ſhou'd be Jealouſie, but what can give him Ground for a Suſpicion? (*Aſide.*

*Enter* Gervatio.

*Gerv.* O, where's my Lord?

*Bond.* Here; what's the matter?

*Gerv.* Oh, my Lord, the worſt News, the ſaddeſt Accident! Oh! my Heart will break for the poor Gentleman.

*Bond.* What Gentleman? explain thy ſelf.

*Gerv.* Gentleman did I ſay? no, no, not a Gentleman neither, 'tis a Lord.

*Aria.* My Heart bodes Comfort.

*Bond.* Torture me no longer, dear *Gervatio.*

*Gerv.* That hopeful Sprig, oh! I can't get it out, my Lord *Inſults.*

*Bond.* What of him?

*Gerv.* Alas, the overflowings of his Wit has undone him: In ſhort, my Lord, ſome baſe Trappanners, Informers, of which this State ſwarms, ſent for him from this Company, and got out of him, that he made that curſed Libel, *The preſent ſtate of Venice*, which has ſo exaſperated the Duke and Senate, that they have reſolved to hang the Author.

*Bond.* Hang him!

*Gerv.* Ay, hang him, Sir; my Bowels earn for the young Bud of Quality.

*Bond.* What a Devil had he to do with Poetry, that Leproſie of lazy Minds, that Weed of Nature? Had he not Eſtate and Title? muſt he covet the Begger's Entail, *Parnaſſus* Lands, and be damn'd to him? Plague conſume all the rhiming Fops in *Chriſtendom.*

*Gerv.* What, your worthy Son-in-law!

*Bond.* He makes me mad.

*Fid.* I cou'd worſhip thee, *Gervatio.*

*Bond.* I muſt be rude, and deſire the Company to break up, whilſt I go and try my Intereſt to releaſe this jingling Coxcomb.

*The Gent.* My Lord, we are all your humble Servants.

*Gerv.* You two go round, and you will find the back-door of the Garden open; when my Maſter's gone I'le call ye.

(*Aſide to* Andrea *and* Fidelio.

*Andr.* We'l be ready.

*Bond.* (*to the old Senator*) Come, Brother Senator, your company may be uſeful.

*Exeunt all but* Olivia, *La.* Temptyouth, Ariana, Lucinda, *and* Gervatio.

*Gerv.*

*Gerv.* So Ladies, how d'ye like my Contrivance? *Bondi* may ſtir, but the duce a bit will he get his Lordſhip releaſed to night, and to morrow I have another Plot, which I hope makes my fair Miſtreſs happy.

*Aria.* Thou art my better Angel.

*La. Tem.* But my *Ariana*, won't you give me leave to free my Lord, provided I take care he never troubles you with love again?

*Aria.* Ay, get him into the Bonds of Matrimony with *Lucinda*, and free him from his Priſon as ſoon as you pleaſe.

*Oliv.* Methinks 'tis pity the pretty Creature ſhould be condemn'd to ſuch a Fop.

*Lucin.* Oh, a rich Fool was alwaies my deſire, that I might ſhow my Diſcretion in managing him and his Eſtate.

*Oliv.* Nay, if you are pleaſed I am.

*La. Tem.* Come Child, we have many Irons in the Fire, there's not a Senator but I have done a good turn for ſome time or other, and therefore I fear not ſucceeding.

*Exeunt La.* Temptyouth *and* Lucinda.

*Lucin.* Your Servant, Ladies.

*Oliv.* Yours.

Fidelio *peeping.*

*Gerv.* Come in Gentlemen, the old Enemy's gone.

*Enter Count* Andrea *and* Fidelio.

*Fid.* Let me embrace thee, thou Soul of Ingenuity and Goodneſs. (*To* Gerv.

*Oliv.* Indeed *Gervatio* has proved juſt contrary to my Expectations; I hope as he has freed *Ariana*, if I crave his Friendſhip, I may obtain it; I am ſure you know what moves my Lord to uſe me ſo intolerably, that I can never meet a civil Anſwer.

*Gerv.* I own I know the Cauſe, but dare not tell ye, leſt it ſtartle ye too much.

*Oliv.* No, *Gervatio*, prithee ſpeak, for his brutal Carriage is paſt enduring.

*Gerv.* Then, Madam, my Maſter was never blind, pretended it, only to avoid the being Preſident of *Dalmatia*; conſider if you have urg'd him.

*Omnes.* Not blind!

*Oliv.* Then I am loſt. (*Swoons.*

*Andr.* Look up, *Olivia*, Danger ſhall never reach thee whilſt this Arm can weild a Sword.

*Aria.* Madam, your Apprehenſion is too timerous.

*Fid.* All here are your ready Friends.

*Oliv.* Oh, 'tis impoſſible, my Ruine is inevitable, the innocent Freedom I have given this young Lord, my Virgin Love, before my Husband *Bondi*, will be puniſht with nothing leſs than Death, *Italy* produces no milder Vengeance for ſuſpected Wives.

*Andr.* Harbour not a Thought ſo terrible; rather than be puniſh'd guiltleſs, fly *Venice* with your faithful Slave; to break forc'd Vows Heaven can never hold a Crime, my Life, and whatſoever I am Maſter of, is yours.

*Oliv.* Alas, how wild you talk! five noble Brothers adorn my Family, who wou'd purſue my guilty Steps, and piecemeal on this wretched Body hew out my Honours Stains and their Revenge.

*Gerv.* Faith Invention pours on me like a Deluge, for your Protection and endleſs Favour, I'le undertake to bring ye both off.

*Oliv.* Impoſſible.

*Aria.* What a mad Riſque our Sex runs when we plunge in real Guilt! what Pangs, what Agonies, what Terrors are the fatal Conſequence! (*aſide.*

*Andr.* Haſt thou Reaſon, *Gervatio*, for what thou ſay'ſt?

*Gerv.* I'll ſerve you all, and, I do not doubt, ſucceſsfully.

(Bondi *within*)

*Bond.* Which Room is the Family in?

*Oliv.* I tremble, there's my Lord.

*Gerv.* Away, Gentlemen, into the Garden agen, ſtay in the Grotto, I'll be with ye preſently, and tell ye all my Deſigns.

*Exeunt* Andrea *and* Fidelio.

*Fid.* We'll wait you there.

*Gerv.* Good Ladies, to your Cloſets, I would talk with my Lord alone.

*Oliv.* Come, dear *Ariana*, thou art happy in proſpect of thy love; if mine had been my Lot, theſe Miſchiefs ne'er had hapned.

*Aria.* I wiſh your mind at peace. *Exeunt Ladies.*

*Manet* Gervatio.

*Gerv.* Gad I have undertook *Hercules*'s labour, but the greater the Undertaking, the greater the Glory in the performance.

*Enter* Bondi.

*Bond.* Oh *Gervatio!* there's no freeing of this Fool to night; where's my damn'd Wife and Daughter?

*Gerv.* Gone to undreſs themſelves.

*Bond.* There's no body with 'em.

*Gerv.* None but their Utenſils, their Chambermaids.

*Bond.* *Gervatio*, I hitherto have truſted thee with all the Secrets of my life, ſhrink not back when I diſcloſe the greateſt: My Wife has certainly abuſed me, her Relations are ſo numerous, that to expoſe her I ſhould run ten thouſand hazards, therefore I have reſolved ſilently and ſecretly to take her off by Poiſon, to ſtop my Shame and her future Sins.

*Gerv.* If it be ſo, my aſſiſtance ſhan't be wanting; but, Sir, the Caſe is weighty, the Breath of life blown out, Repentance cannot kindle the dead Coal agen.

*Bond.* That's true, but I am by all her wanton Carriages convinc'd, beſides a thouſand Circumſtances, ſhe's guilty.

*Gerv.*

*Gerv.* Well, more to confirm your Suſpicion, I muſt confeſs I heard 'em appoint a meeting in the Garden about ſome three hours hence.

*Bond.* Oh, damn 'em, damn 'em.

*Gerv.* From the Balcony we may overhear and diſcovet new Cauſe for your Revenge, or elſe find her innocent.

*Bond.* Innocence! 'tis not in the Sex, *Eve* loſt it when ſhe lewdly liſten'd to the Fiend, and intail'd her guilt on her Poſterity.

*Gerv.* Have patience, and your own Ears ſhall either acquit or condemn her.

*Bond.* Nay, my Eyes have ſeen enough already. Well, *Gervatio*, I truſt to thee, and will be ready when you call me.

*Gerv.* Your Lordſhip ever found me faithful. *Exit* Bondi.

If I do deliver theſe Ladies from all their Fears, I ought at leaſt to be eſteem'd a Knight Errant, and have it inſcrib'd upon my Tomb;

*Here lies a moſt puiſſant Hero:*

Pox on't, what will rhime to *Hero*? No, it ſhall be thus:

*The generous* Gervatio *here lies dead,*
*To whom for Aid diſtreſſed Damſels fled.*

Ay, ay, that will do: Now for my Garden-Sparks, my Inſtruments are Lords.

*Exit.*

*The End of the Fourth ACT.*

# ACT V.

## *SCENE a Garden.*

Bondi *and* Gervatio *appear in the Balcony, a Curtain to draw.*

*Bond.* THey are not come yet, but I'm ſure they will, for my Tormentor ſeem'd very uneaſie, and full of Thought. (Olivia *and* Andrea *meeting.*

*Gerv.* See, my Lord, they both appear.

*Bond.* Contagion ſeize 'em, Mildews and Blaſts deſtroy her Beauty, ſtamp her Face as deform'd as her Soul, for, a Plague on her, ſhe's too handſom now.

*Gerv.* Nay, my Lord, if you are thus paſſionate, they'l hear us.

*Bond.* Hiſt, I have done.

*Andr.* Madam, I come to wait on your Commands, which, how ſtrange ſoever, blindly I obey.

*Bond.* A Pox of your Complaiſance.

*Gerv.* Pray, my Lord, be ſilent.

*Bond.* I am, I am.

*Andr.* When your Duty to your Father took you from my Wiſhes, and gave you to the noble Bed of *Bondi*, great were my pangs; I ſtruggled hard to conquer Love's fierce Fires, and turn 'em into Friendſhip's lambent Flames; ſtrong was the Conteſt, yet I overcame, and now can boaſt a Friendſhip to you and your Lord.

*Bond.* Pho, this is Diſſimulation.

*Gerv.* Hear 'em out, I am ſure they ſee not us.

*Oliv.* I knew your Friendſhip pure, elſe I had never truſted you ſo far; but my Deſigns are ended now, and my Lord grows very peeviſh; leſt your coming ſhould offend him, I beg you would forbear the Houſe, or any Opportunity of ſpeaking to me.

*Andr.* Madam, I will even in this fulfill your pleaſure; but you was pleaſed to promiſe, when you made that odd Requeſt, I would in appearance ſeem your Gallant, that you would ſome time tell me the reaſon of that innocent Deceit.

*Bond.* How's this?

*Oliv.* I did, but 'tis a Secret, and I muſt have your Word and Honour, that neither Friend nor Foe extort it from you.

*Andr.* I give you both, nay, upon my Soul I will not utter it.

*Oliv.* Then know my Lord was never blind.

*Andr.* How!

*Bond.*

*Bond.* Ha, *Gervatio*?

*Gerv.* Sure ſhe's a Witch.

*Oliv.* What is hid from loving Eyes? tho' all the world believed it, I perceived the contrary, and often urged my Husband, tho' not plainly contradicting what he ſaid, yet round about he might perceive I gueſs'd at it.

*Gerv.* Did my Lady ever hint ſhe thought you not blind?

*Bond.* At firſt ſhe was damn'd inquiſitive, which I ſtill thought ſhe did for her ſecurity in ſinning.

*Gerv.* It ſounds like truth: But huſh, they go on.

*Oliv.* Methought I had no Comfort of my Life, whilſt my dear Lord but ſeem'd under that Affliction; beſides, Heaven knows, I fear'd a real Judgment might befall him for his Counterfeiting, and ſo I plaid a thouſand tricks with you, thinking his Love ſo ſtrong that he could not bear to ſee, and pretend not to ſee another invade his right in me? This is the ſtory, and this was my deſign, but my Lord by his own Contrivance now is himſelf again, and I renew my requeſt to ſee you no more, for conſidering paſt Actions, your ſight makes my Husband uneaſie. When I find him in a good humour I will acquaint him with my guiltleſs project.

*Andr.* And if he is not diſpleaſed I may hope to continue in the Enjoyment of your Friendſhip.

*Oliv.* Of that hereafter, but my Lady *Temptyouth* I reſolve to avoid, becauſe ſhe knew not the bottom of my deſign, yet was ſo free to forward it, my Lord your Servant.

*Andr.* Madam, yours; on this fair hand let me wiſh you everlaſting Happineſs.

*Oliv.* Remember 'tis your parting kiſs, and this indeed your eternal leave. (*Speaking ſoftly.*)

*Andr.* My Love muſt mitigate that rigour, beſides, our Friend *Gervatio* has Imployment for me in the Houſe.

*Oliv.* By all my dangers (which I hope are paſt) I will no more endeavour or conſent to ſee you. Farewell. (*Exeunt ſeverally*

*Gerv.* What think ye now, my Lord?

*Bond.* Faith, I know not what to think, were I ſure you have not betray'd me, there may be ſome truth in't.

*Gerv.* Who I, my Lord? Upon my life not I, why your Lordſhip knows I never could abide the Ladies; how many times have I made you angry with 'em. I'm ſure they hate me.

*Bond.* That's true; if ſhe forbears his ſight I'll forbear my revenge, tho' the Letters and the Kiſſes grumble in my Gizard ſtill.

*Gerv.* Pſhaw, only to carry on her Plot.

*Bond.* Well, I'll believe it if I can, 'twill be moſt for my eaſe I am ſure—— Come let's in, I'll write to the Duke for this Scribling Lord, tho' in troth I am almoſt aſham'd to appear in't. (*Exit* Bondi.

*Gerv.* Go thy ways Don *Credulous*; my drubbing will be reveng'd at last.
(*Exit.*

## *SCENE, a Priſon.*

*Enter to Lord* Inſulls, *Lady* Temptyouth, Lucinda, *and a Keeper.*

*La. Tempt.* You ſee my Authority.

*Keep.* Yes, and obey it; the Priſoner is at your Service.

*La. Tempt.* My Lord, your Lordſhip's humble Servant.

*Inſ.* O Heavens! your Ladiſhip and that brightneſs ſee me in this vile Condition, I don't believe I have a Grain of Powder in my Wigg, the Villains that took away my Papers took my Mirrour alſo, becauſe 'twas ſet in Gold, now I could wiſh my ſelf in the darkeſt Dungeon rather than appear ſuch a Brute before thoſe reſiſtleſs Eyes.

*La. Tempt.* Alas, poor Girl, I am ſure ſhe never did any thing of this Nature before, but ſhe received ſuch a vaſt reſpect for your Lordſhip; your behaviour carries in it a ſhining Complaiſance ſo much above our dull *Venetians*, that no wonder it touched a tender Breaſt.

*Lucin.* I would ſerve the *French* if I met with any of the Nation in the Perſon of a Labourer or Beggar, and ſure when a Cavalier is in Affliction, who may juſtly boaſt of all the Accompliſhments of mankind, 'twill excuſe my breaking the ſtrict rules of Decency in giving him a viſit.

*Inſ.* I am Tranſported, ſuch ſounds are only fit for Angels to hear, Mortals cannot bear the Joy.

*La. Tempt.* Nay, ſhe has brought you a Preſent too, and I hope a welcome one, your Liberty.

*Inſ.* No, the Lady has brought me everlaſting Chains, by the Muſes (Confound the Oath, I cannot leave it) I'd not leave 'em to be free as Air.

*Lucin.* What means your Lordſhip, I am ſure I begg'd your Freedom heartily of my Uncle, the Duke.

*Inſ.* But your Eyes teach my Heart the pleaſing Bondage, which I deſire to Triumph for ever. Gad I ſay abundance of fine things. (*Aſide.*

*Lucin.* Your Lordſhip forgets, 'tis not *Ariana* you are talking to.

*Inſ.* No, if it were, every word ſhou'd ſtick in my Throat, ſhe a dull Inſenſible, no Mein, no Air, no Song, no Dance, nothing agreeable.

*La. Tempt.* Oh, the abominable Fool! how he deſcribes the prettieſt Creature Nature ever made. (*Aſide.*

*Lucin.* Your Lordſhip cannot be in earneſt.

*Inſ.* By the Infernalls, (Ay, they'll do me leſs harm than the Muſes) But vaſt Fortune if I had married her, which now I never will: 'Twas for her that my Equippage might have been the fineſt at the Court of *Verſailles*: My

My Coach drawn by ſix Barbs, ſix Blacks to every Horſe. The poor Creature my Wife I'd have confined to the Country with a pair of broken winded Jades and an old Faſhion'd Chariot.

*Lucin.* I don't like your uſage of a Wife my Lord.

*Inſ.* She has us'd me ill and deſerves ſuch a return, but if your Ladiſhip wou'd think me worthy, Heavens! you ſhou'd ſhine the Glory of *Verſailles*; The Barbs be yours, and I the humbleſt of your Slaves.
How fine is that, the Priſon ſure inſpires me. (*Aſide.*

*La. Tempt.* Nay, I can't excuſe *Ariana*, for I doubt ſhe had more than a Finger in this troubleſome buſineſs, but my Girl's too young to think of Love, tho' I wiſh ſhe had never ſeen your Lordſhip; I know not what time may ptoduce.

*Inſ.* Pardon my Preſumption; I had not broke upon the Lady ſo abruptly, but I am preſt upon by Fate, my Father to morrow arrives at *Venice* expecting me to marry *Ariana*? Cou'd I have hoped ſuch Happineſs as to have chang'd my Deſtiny and fixt here where all my wiſhes tend, my Father might ſtorm, but 'twou'd not be in his power to alter it.

*Lucin.* Oh Heavens, ſuch a concern ventur'd on ſo ſuddenly wou'd kill me with the Apprehenſion.

*La. Tempt.* Come, let's leave this deteſted place and go to my Houſe, there we'll conſider further.

*Inſ.* I wait on you, Madam, with unexpreſſible thanks for this Favour: I hope I ſhall hear of my people, that I may once again appear like a Man of Quality; not like a Rat ſhut up in a hole. I profeſs I am ſcarce fit to touch that fair hand.

*La. Tempt.* But indeed you are, my Lord! *Lucinda.*

*Lucin.* My Mothers Commands, my Lord. (*Gives her hand.*

(*Exeunt.*

## *SCENE changes to* Bondi's *Houſe.*

*He at his Table Sealing Letters, two Servants.*

*Bond.* This to the Duke, this to *Gonſalvo*, I hope they'll conſider my Lord's a Fool, and releaſe him: He make the Libel! I found by his diſcourſe he made it no more than I did. (*Exeunt Servants*
He's fooliſh 'tis true, but then he is rich and the fitter for a Husband.

*Enter* Olivia, *and* Ariana *weeping.*

*Aria.* Oh, Sir!

*Oliv.* Oh, my dear!

*Bond.* What's the matter with the Women?

Oliv

*Oliv.* Alas, d'ye hear no noiſe in the Houſe?

*Bond.* Noiſe, what noiſe, not I.

*Oliv.* Why all your Moveables are ſeizing: Two Prieſts with Officers walk o'er the Houſe, nor will they be controul'd, proudly they march along and break open all the Locks, ſet down your Plate, your rich Hangings, and every thing of Value, my dreſſing Plate that was my Maiden Treaſure, that's down too; Oh, oh.

*Aria.* Nay, as much as my Gold Bodkins, and all the Jewels I have on: I ſhall be a rich Laſs now! Oh, Heavens.

*Bond.* Ye amaze me, what can be the meaning on't?

*Aria.* They'll tell no body, but ſeem to have great Authority.

*Bond.* I am at my Wits end. Where's *Gervatio*?

*Enter* Gervatio.

*Aria.* Here comes the ſorrowfull Man.

*Gerv.* Oh, that ever I ſhou'd live to ſee this day! ſuch Havock, ſuch Waſte there will be of my dear Maſters Goods, wou'd I were dead out of the ſight on't.

*Bond.* Why *Gervatio*, is all the World mad? What is the reaſon of all this Outrage?

*Gerv.* I know not, but your Enemies are at my heels, I ſuppoſe they'll acquaint you: Here they come, my Lord.

*Enter Count* Andrea, *and* Fidelio, *diſguiſ'd like Friars, and their Servants like Officers.*

*Bond.* Has Heaven nothing but Afflictions for this aged Head! Reverend Fathers what have I done to deſerve ſuch Uſage.

*Andr.* Officers give us the Inventory and retire: We will yet, reſpecting his grey Hairs, conceal his ſhame and crimes as much as poſſible: Brother will you lay the Enormous fault open before his hardned Soul.

(*Exeunt Officers and Ladies.*

*Fid.* Your Eloquence will do it more feelingly Brother.

*Andr.* Excuſe me, indeed your Capacity is largeſt.

*Fid.* Pardon me, I am weak, very weak, compar'd to you. (*Bowing to one another.*

*Bond.* Ah, the Devil take ye both and your Civilities. (*Aſide.*

*Andr.* Then according to my poor Ability.

*Bond.* How I am tortur'd. (*Aſide.*

Andrea *Coughing and Hemming.* } *Melito Bondi*, Thou ſtand'ſt accuſed before the Duke and Senate, and his Holineſſes Nuncio, for ſuch a grand Deceit, for a Crime of ſuch a Nature, ſo black in it's Root, ſo wide in its Branches, the Parent a lie, the Daughter's Hypocriſie, Diſſimulation to the higheſt degree even to Perjury: Brother be pleaſed to diſcuſs.

*Bond.*

*Bond.* What will become of me.

*Fid.* Well, may'ſt thou tremble, old man, who durſt affront Heaven in Counterfeiting blindneſs.

*Bond.* Ah, Lord !

*Gerv.* Ah, we are all undone.

*Fid.* But as one Crime ſeldom fails to pull a greater on, in thee, loſt man, we find the dire proof of all that's ill; to reſtore this ſight which Heaven knows was never loſt, *Silveſter*'s Sacred Girdle muſt be fetched, and a Miracle pretended; but know the Saint needs not by your ſtudied lies, addition to his well eſtabliſhed Glory, ſince the curſt falſity has been broached, he has rous'd him in his Peacefull ſhrine and waked the Convent with his cries, *Bondi*'s a diſſembler, *Bondi* has done me wrong, *Bondi* muſt be puniſhed.

*Bond.* Worthy Fathers, behold at your Feet a Penitent, have pity on my loſt Eſtate.

*Fid.* Riſe, and hear us out? Brother, proceed.

*Andr.* For this Crime the Senate have decreed, the Nuncio too concurring, that thou *Melito Bondi* be ſtraight Deveſted of thy Lands and rich Poſſeſſion, thy Moveables, thy Debts, and whatſoever's thine Confiſcated to the State, thy ſelf ſtill to remain a Priſoner for life.

*Fid.* The doom is mild and merciful, if thou hadſt fallen where the Inquiſition Reigns, through what variety of Torments muſt you have paſt, and for concluſion, died: Brother, will you urge any thing further.

*Gerv.* Good Reverendiſſimo's, let me beg you ceaſe, ſee my poor Maſter is juſt expiring under the ſeverity of your cenſure: your ſelves, I am ſure, want refreſhing too.

*Fid.* Truly my Spirits are exhauſted.

*Andr.* I do perceive mine evaporate.

*Gerv.* Within I have prepared ſomething to ſuſtain nature.

*Bond.* Let me entreat ye Fathers to accept it.

*Andr.* Shall we venture to eat the Viands of the Hypocrite.

*Gerv.* For that matter I'll be your taſter, pray walk in.

*Fid.* My Stomach calleth upon me to venture: Old Gentleman, we ſhall quickly return and examine your Papers.

*Bond.* What you pleaſe, I am humbled to any thing.

*Fid.* (*Complementing about the way*) Nay Brother, that will not do.

*Andr.* Upon my Veracity you ſhall.

*Fid.* By my order I won't.

*And.* That's Sacred; then I muſt. (*Exeunt* Gerv. *and Friars.*

*Re-enter* Oliva *and* Ariana,

*Oliv.* How have you come off, my Lord.

*Bond.* E'en ſtript of all, naked in my old age, as when I firſt peept in this wi d world.

*Aria.* Ah me, Unfortunate.

*Bond.* Unfortunate indeed, bred high and not worth a Drachma, I doubt that handſome Face will tempt you to make the beſt on't *Ariana*, and rather than live poorly Sacrifice thy virtue.

*Aria.* Think better of me, I'll die firſt.

*Bond.* Why, that's well ſaid, as for my Wife, ſhe I fear, has learnt her Trade already.

*Oliv.* Why muſt I ſuffer all theſe unkind ſuſpicions?

*Bond.* Nay, I forgive thee, be it how it will, and thou ſhan't hear of it any more from me.

*Oliv.* Shall we go and intercede with theſe cruel Men

*Aria.* I kneel, and beg, and pray as long as I can ſpeak for my poor Father.

*Bond.* Ay, you are wondrous kind.

*Oliv.* Come, let us try our power.

*Bond.* Hold, ye Fools, did ye ever know or hear of an *Italian* Prieſt let go his prey; no, no, my long hoarded Wealth is got into Huckſters hands, I may e'en bid farewell to all my poſſeſſions.

*Enter* Gervatio.

Oh, *Gervatio*, my Foes I know are ſtill innexorable, and my ruin reſolved.

*Gerv.* Yonder they are Nuckle deep in Sweet-meats, and have the beſt Wines the world affords before 'em, yet I perceive no ſigns of mollifying: My Lord, I would in private tell your Lordſhip what I have thought on.

*Aria.* If you pleaſe, Madam, we'll in and do all we can wiſh for my Father's deliverance.

*Oliv.* Ay, moſt heartily. (*Exeunt* Oliva *and* Ariana.

*Bond.* Ah, *Gervatio.* (*Looking ſorrowfull upon one another.*

*Gerv.* Alas, my Lord.

*Bond.* But who may I thank for all this, who was at the bottom of the blind Contrivance that has ruined me.

*Gerv.* And pray who would have thought a dead Saint would have diſturbed himſelf with telling tales.

*Bond.* Ah, I rather fear 'twas living Devils, 'tis no matter, I have reſolved in my Afflictions to ſubmit to every thing, and neither quarrel nor complain, though I diſcover thee and the Wife of my Boſom, two Serpents.

*Gerv.* A reſigning Will is a great bleſſing; for my own part, I am ſure the Innocence of a Dove is upon me, towards your Honour, even at this time, when you are ſuſpecting me, my poor Brain is in Labour for your good.

*Bond.* There's neither help nor hope remain.

*Gerv.* Yet we may make the beſt of a bad Market.

*Bond.* My folly appears ſo plain, I am aſhamed to apply my ſelf to the Duke and Senate.

*Gerv.*

*Gerv.* I meant not ſo, that muſt be done hereafter, but you know my Lord, theſe Harpies have not yet examined your Papers, I am ſure they are tied by the Teeth for ſtirring one while: now if you dare truſt me I can take out Bonds and Mortgages, to the Sum of fifty thouſand Crowns, get it ſetled firſt upon my young Lady *Ariana*, yet not let her know it, then it can give her no encouragement for diſobedience.

*Bond.* I thank thy care, *Gervatio*, and will inſtantly put them into thy hands, but, doſt hear, let the Lawyer put in ſome doubtfull Clauſe, that if I ſhou'd by any means eſcape, I may re-aſume my Right and Title to it again.

*Gerv.* I warrant you, my Lord, tho' her name ſecures it from the Law, ſhe ſhall be ne'er the better for it.

*Bond.* Come, make haſte.

*Gerv.* My Lord, that way you'll meet the *Moabites*.

*Bond.* (*ſtarting*) My Woes diſtract me, I ſcarce know where my Cloſet is.

(*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Oliva *and* Ariana.

*Aria.* So, *Gervatio* has work'd him to his Ends, 'tis a lucky fellow I proteſt, I hope Heaven will forgive me for conſenting theſe tricks ſhould be plaid with my old Father, ſince my end is honeſt and for the ſake of my *Fidelio*, who merits more than I can obtain for him.

*Oliv.* Why, the Sparks did it rarely, but I am ſorry Count *Andrea* has an opportunity of ſeeing me again.

*Aria.* Pho, there's no harm in his ſight, you ſhould not fall too haſtily from one degree to another.

*Enter Count* Andrea *and* Fidelio, *in their own Cloathes.*

Here comes the Reverendiſſimo's, as *Gervatio* call'd them: Does the Wheel of Affairs run ſmooth.

*Fid.* Upon Carpet ground my life, *Gervatio* has pick'd all the beſt of the Bonds, Mortgages, *&c.* and is gone to an Eminent Lawyer with 'em.

*Aria.* What have ye done with my Father.

*Fid.* Made bold to impriſon him in his own Cloſet, where he muſt remain during our Royal Pleaſure, and now, Madam, it reſts wholly in your generous breaſt to compleat my Happineſs; *Gervatio* has ſecured the Chaplain ours, if you conſent not to what indeed makes me giddy with the vaſt Joy, giving me your Beauteous ſelf, this very moment ſome ſiniſter accident in all probability will ruin our deſigns.

*Oliv.* Nay my dear *Ariana* you have gone too far now to ſhrink back, come we'll be witneſſes.

*Aria.* Well, *Fidelio*, I will venture on this Bug-bear-Marriage, but if thou ſhouldſt prove ungratefull after all my obligations, what puniſhment doſt thou deſerve.

*Fid.* To be deſpiſed by the World, proclaim'd a Coward; and what's yet greater be hated by you.

*Andr.* Whilſt I behold another's Happineſs, my wretched ſelf am baniſhed for ever from what my ſoul admires.

*Oliv.* How do ye know 'tis for ever young Gentleman? I may out live my Lord, then a brisk Widow weigh'd down with Bags, oh, 'tis an excellent Cordial for the younger branch of a Family.

*Andr.* Ay there is comfort in that thought, if you wou'd in the mean time allow me to ſee you; nothing leſs will preſerve my life till the rich Cordial comes.

*Oliv.* To preſerve my own I muſt deny that, for *Gervario* tells me, my Lord was growing up to great extremities; your forbearance of any ſort of addreſs, I ſhall eſteem as a proof of your affection, but whilſt we are idly talking here, *Fidelio* views us with impatient Eyes, and longs to have his Joys ſecured; the Marriage over, I muſt beg your Lordſhip to retire, I would not have my Husband ſee you for the world.

*Andr.* Howe'er unwilling, thoſe commanding Eyes tell me I muſt obey.

*Fid.* Come, *Ariana*,

*The Prieſt our hands, but Heaven our hearts ſhall join,*
*And endleſs raptures Crown me when I call thee mine.*

(*Exeun.*

*Enter Lady* Temptyouth, *Lord* Inſulls, *and* Lucinda.

*La. Temp.* Well I never thought any Mortal cou'd have prevailed with me to have parted with this dear Girl at ſo ſhort warning, and without more conſideration, but your Lordſhips merit is irreſiſtible.

*Inſ.* I am bleſt in poſſeſſing her, puniſh me with the beaſtly Garb of the Vulgar, if I would be unmarried to be an Emperour. This viſit is in Triumph to let proud *Ariana* ſee what an excelling Beauty has made me happy. O my dear Cherubin, I can't but think how the Court of *France* will admire my choice.

*Lucin.* Shall you like that.

*Inſ.* Covet it; I hope, Madam, you will rob the Ladies of all their Sparks, and the whole Gallantry of the Court be made to you.

*Lucin.* Nay, if your Lordſhip Glories in my Conqueſts, fear not, they ſhall be numerous, I never fail'd when I endeavour'd it.

*Inſ.* That's true, for my hearts your prize, which, by the Muſes, is a Trophy not to be deſpiſed.

*Enter*

*Enter* Gervatio, *with Parchment in his hands.*

*La. Temp. Gervatio*, where's the Ladies.

*Gerv.* Faith, Madam, my young Lady is commiting Matrimony, I believe, that ſweet meat that's commonly attended with ſowre ſawce.

*La. Temp.* Is ſhe ſo, much Joy I wiſh her.

*Gerv.* I muſt to my old Maſter, get him to ſet his hand to theſe, and then I think this head has brought wonders to paſs. (*Exit* Gerv.

*Inſ.* Who is my Rival, ſome ill-dreſt Fellow I'll lay my life on't.

*Lucin.* Even that robuſt piece of rudeneſs that accoſted your Lordſhip ſo odly, Count *Fidelio.*

*Inſ.* He, he, he, they are well matched, by the Muſes, I believe neither of 'em underſtand the *French* way of dreſſing ſo well as the Groom of my Horſes, he, he, he.

*Lucin. Ariana* always ridicul'd it, which has often broke Friendſhip between us.

*Inſ.* Heavens, if I had married her, what a world of labour wou'd it have coſt me to have modell'd her for the drawing room at *Verſailles*, whilſt you, my dear, at firſt ſight will appear the abſtract of Perfection.

*Lucin.* My Lord, you make me bluſh, but I ſhall now take unuſual care in my dreſs, that your Lordſhip may think me agreeable.

*Inſ.* Happy man, happy man, as ever put on the yoke of Matrimony.

*Enter* Oliva, Ariana, *and* Fidelio.

*Fid.* Ha, my Lord *Inſulls*, your very humble Servant, this is too tranſporting an hour to remember anger, now the dear *Ariana*'s mine, our Quarrel dies.

*Inſ.* I wiſh you Joy with her, I am provided as much to my ſatisfaction, be pleaſed to know the Duke's Neice for my Wife.

*Aria. Lucinda*, the Dukes Neice.

*La. Temp.* (*Aſide to* Ariana) Hold dear *Ariana*, ſpoil not this day's Mirth with a diſcovery, he'll know it ſoon enough; beſides, I'll make thee, poor Girl, worth more than that Fool deſerves.

*Aria.* I beg your Pardon, I am dumb.
Madam, we muſt humour the greatneſs it ſeems. (*to Oliv.*)

*Oliv.* With all my Heart.

*Inſ.* This is their *Venetian* breeding to whiſper half an hour: Poyſon me, my dear, if the very ſight on't is not enough to ſpoil a Man.

*Oliv.* Joy to your honour, I thought you wou'd not have ventured to have changed your condition ſo ſuddenly.

*Inſ.* Your Ladyſhip might conſider the Man, and that would take your Wonder off.

*Fid.* Was ever any ſuch Vanity.

*Enter*

*Enter* Bondi, *and* Gervatio.

*Bond.* Then you ſay you've obtained I may walk about my Houſe till further order.

*Gerv.* Yes, my Lord.

*Bond.* (*ſees the Company*) Heyday, who have we here, nothing but meeting and revelling, this is a time indeed for Mirth!

*Inſ.* Old Gentleman, I am married, but not to thy Daughter, and for that reaſon will be merry in ſpite of thy beard.

*Fid.* (Ariana *kneeling*) And I am married to her, and for that happineſs ſhall be for ever joyfull.

*Bond.* Trick'd, Ruin'd, Undone; hold, not ruin'd neither, he has ne'er a Drachma, nor none he ſhall have.

*Gerv.* Then I muſt interpoſe; if you have no Bowels for ſuch a ſweet young Couple, I have had; my Lord *Fidelio*, here's the value of fifty thouſand Crowns, come, that will make a ſhift till the old man pops aſide, or ſomething better happens.

*Bond.* Betray'd by *Gervatio*, I will run mad, I will grow diſtracted quickly.

*Oliv.* My Lord, if you did but ſee how ill ſuch ſtarts of paſſion ſuit your age, ſure you wou'd forbear.

*Fid.* Think, my Lord, my want of fortune may be made up in tenderneſs towards your Daughter, and duty towards your ſelf.

*I.a. Temp.* Come, come, my Lord, the Senate, no doubt, when they ſee him married to *Ariana*, will honour him with places of truſt and profit, a riſing Man ſeldom wants a hand to help him higher.

*Bond.* Let me conſider, all in this room have been my Foes, I think, every individual Perſon, for what cauſe, even becauſe I have been a croſs ſtingy old Captious fellow, but henceforth I'll throw it away as faſt as the beſt of ye; Alas, I had forgot, I have nothing but Misfortunes, and am a wretched Priſoner Condemned to Shame and Poverty.

*Gerv.* All thoſe afflictions I'll take off upon condition you'll forgive your worthy Son and Daughter.

*Bond.* Do this, and we all are Friends.

*Gerv.* Then my Lord, be ſatisfied, the Duke nor Senate know nothing of your deceit, 'twas only a Contrivance of your humble Servant to oblige this young Lord and my Charming Miſtreſs.

*Bond.* Well, thou haſt proved a great Rogue, but I'll keep my word.

*Fid.* Then I hope we ſhall not kneel again in vain.

*Bond.* No, take my Bleſſing, and as you prove, an Addition to her Fortune.

*Fid.* I have all my heart covets.

*Aria.* And

*Aria.* And my future life ſhall make amends for venturing once to diſobey my Father.

*La. Temp.* Now all's well, I hope the Muſick I ordered will come that we may conclude our Joys with a Dance.

*Inſ.* By all means, let us have Muſick that I may have the pleaſure to ſee my *Lucinda* trip like a Fairy.

*Oliv.* My Lord, as this is a general Jubilee, I hope I ſhall partake it, and heart burnings being laid aſide we henceforth may live more quietly.

*Bond.* Yes, yes, according to your deportment, thou haſt been! Uh, uh, but I have promiſed to ſay no more.

*Fid. Gervatio,* I will always call thee Friend, and ſerve thee with my Life and Fortunes.

*Aria.* Nor will I forget to eſteem and reward thee.

*Gerv.* I hope you will ſay I have proved a well-meaning man to all, and my old Maſter forgive me.

*Bond.* Aye, aye, that I will for fear thou ſhouldſt play me any more tricks.

*Lucin.* Here's the Muſick. *Dance*

*Bond.* Now let's in and taſte a Glaſs of Wine, I want ſome comfort after all my frights.

*And may my Fate to each a warning give,*
*How they e'er love or practice to deceive;*
*For tho' they proſper and their Cheat's believ'd*
*With eaſe you ſee deceivers are deceiv'd,*

*THE END.*

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# EPILOGUE.

## Spoken by Miſs *Bradſhaw.*

*I'm ſent a ſmall Embaſſadreſs for Grace,*
*If there was power in ſuch a Childiſh face:*
*Who knows but artleſs innocence may move,*
*And looks unpractic'd ſometimes catch your Love.*
*Suppoſe it ſo, 'tis now, alaſs, too late,*
*Your liking me wards not the blow of fate.*
*A begging Epilogue's a deſpairing Caſe;*
*'Tis asking mercy when the doom is paſt.*
*Part of this Play though ſtoln was lately ſhown,*
*And what was once expos'd to this Lewd Town*
*Tho 'twere improv'd with you 'twill ſcarce go down.*

Yet

Yet 'twould be nobler not to be severe,
And what has been unjustly rifled spare;
For my sake use her kindly once again,
Pray do, you good natured, fine, pretty Men,
Come, I shall grow a Woman e'er't be long,
'Tis but a little while we are too young;
And if Heaven on my youth does Charms bestow,
I'll lay out all the stock in pleasing you.
Let our wrong'd Author in your Favour shine,
And when you wish it, you shan't fail of mine.

# EPILOGUE:

## Design'd for Mr. *Verbruggen.*

NOw Britain's raging Wars are at an end,
Cæsar adorns the Throne he did defend;
Eternal Peace is fix'd, and all things smile,
To Crown the happy blessings of our Isle:
From hence, we have encouragement to expect,
The Stage with nobler off'rings shall be deck'd;
For in past Ages Peace did Wit create,
And Poets flourish'd equal to the state.
'Twas when the great Augustus rul'd in Peace
And all mankind from him enjoyn'd sweet ease:
Ovid's soft genius first began to please.
'Twas then the Lyrick Horace, Son of Fame,
Compil'd his works, immortal as his Name,
Soft ease and quiet fancy did infuse,
And Rome's blest state gave Birth to Virgil's Muse.
Oh, may our state like that produce such Men,
That from the crop of their luxuriant Pen,
Succeeding Ages may for ever glean.
Criticks their nature then shall alter quite
And what they fain would damn shall praise in spite.
Poets no more in humble lines shall sue
And creep and cringe to steal applause from you,
Nor beg for Favour where no Favour's due:
No more shall sense in fustian lines be lost,
Nor dullness flourish at the Actor's cost.
Authors shall write with fancy unconfin'd
To Copy Nature and reform Mankind,
Then Wit and sense shall here for ever dwell,
And Britain's Stage shall Athen's far excel.

FINIS.